

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF IBSEN AND A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF HIS
PLACE IN LITERATURE.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE," BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEATRICE."

Vol. 5.

APRIL.

No. 4.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LIT-
ERATURE & ART

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O, EASTER LILIES!



*EASTER lilies, pure and sweet!
Your perfume is an incense meet
For Christ, the risen King!
Unfold your petals, that their
breath*

*May praise Him who has vanquished
Death
And robbed him of his sting.*

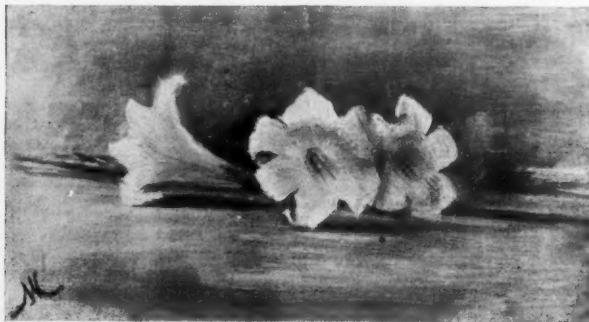
*Ye violets, that 'neath the snow
Have slept the dreary winter through,
Awake in this glad hour!
Open your azure eyes and see
The glory of His Majesty,
The triumph of His power!*

*Ye little birds, whose mellow throats
Send out a flood of silver notes,
Join in your sweetest lay!
He made, He governs everything,
Then, tiny ones, your praises sing,
For He is risen to-day!*

*O, Sun, who veiled your face when He
Was nailed upon the cruel tree,
Shine forth with brightest ray!
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose glory ever shall increase,—
And He is risen to-day!*

*While all in earth His praises sing,
While blossoms sweet their incense bring,
Ye saints, your homage pay!
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
Till Heaven re-echoes the refrain,—
"The Lord is risen to-day!"*

Ellen Kingsbury Vincent.



Drawings by Mary A. Kirkup.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME V.

APRIL, 1896.

NUMBER 4.

BURIED MOUNTAINS OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY H. FOSTER BAIN.

MOUNTAINS, like political parties, can rarely be so completely buried as to remain permanently hidden. We have had parties in this country which have been temporarily lost to view beneath the mass of opposition votes; yet sooner or later their principles, at least, have been reëlevated and the party has been given a new lease of life.

Singularly similar has been the history of the development of our continent. A few main axes of growth, surrounded by an immense area of deposition, have persisted from the earliest times, the major outliers of the continent remaining from the first very much as they are now. And yet not altogether so. The phrase, "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," while true, expresses only half the truth. There have been other lands fair

as our own which have gone down beneath the waters. Some of these regions have been almost immediately reëlevated, others have regained only a portion of their former prominence, and still others have disappeared forever and are now only known as a result of deep sea dredging or diamond drill boring.

Our conception of the rocks as fixed and unchangeable, and of the hills as standing stern and time defying, secure and immutable, is a radically wrong one. Rocks are not unchanging but, on the contrary, are subject to constant mutation. They are as directly responsive to their environment as are plants and animals.

The seeming inert masses are, in reality, undergoing ceaseless change. Within the rocks is taking place a series



"Shut in here with only the blue sky above."

of chemical and physical reactions so complex that the chemist or physicist finds his ingenuity taxed if he would follow them in the laboratory. The seeming dead material is the scene of countless activities and responds to every change in environment with mathematical precision. Granites, formed under heavy pressure far below the surface, break down to loose sands and gravels upon exposure; the dark, firm peridotite changes over to the beautiful soft green serpentine. Rocks which are stable under certain conditions become unstable under others. It is believed that the lava stream and the neighboring water-laid gravel, when exposed to the same conditions, may in time become indistinguishable.

Not only is change the most constant characteristic of rock masses, but it is equally prominent in land forms. The whole continent is believed to be in such delicate equipoise that the unloading due to the erosion now going on in the Mississippi Valley is resulting in elevation of the land; while the corresponding counter-movement is taking place in the Gulf region as a result of the increased load of sediments being there deposited. Reversals occur, and a region after suffer-

ing a period of depression may be subjected to reëlevation, but while one region is being elevated some neighboring region is sinking.

There is a fascination in picturing to ourselves the country in earlier periods of its history. Think, if you will, of the great rivers which have slowly and patiently carved their way into the indurated rocks, have pushed their branches out until a broad, fertile valley has been formed, only to be ridden down and buried beneath the rubbish of the advancing glacier. Or again, picture the broad lakes with their myriads of peculiar fish, and the low, muddy shores along which walked or crawled grotesque monsters which we now reconstruct from their tracks alone. High mountains, too, have reared their heads above the surrounding land and water and looked proudly off across the wastes. Remorselessly the winds and frosts beat them down, gradually the waves crept up along their sides, slowly the sands were packed around them, till now perhaps only the topmost point is seen above the sandy waste of some inland plain. The geologist comes along with his hammer, chips off a piece of the rock and, muttering "Archæan," "Algonkian," or some



ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES—AT PALISADES, S. D.



"On the hill opposite the old camping ground is now a mill."

equally mysterious term, sits down to muse upon the mighty mountains that are gone—the buried mountains of the plain.

An excellent example of such a buried mountain region occurs in the north-western part of Iowa and the neighboring portions of South Dakota and Minnesota. A visitor to the region to-day would not think himself in a mountainous country; and yet under the broad, level prairies which stretch so monotonously—and withal so invitingly—on either side of the car, lie deeply buried the pointed peaks and sharp scarps of an old mountain system. Only the tips of these old peaks may now be seen. They form a series of exposures occurring mainly in the region near Sioux Falls, South Dakota, though some of the rocks outcrop far to the west in the James Valley where, near old Fort James, the protruding blocks resemble, as Hayden says, "a village of log cabins in the valley." The buildings of the old fort, now owned by a Russian communistic society, are made of these rocks, so that out of the fancied village of log huts has come a real village of stone houses. The rock outcrops over a small area only, but something of the structure of a much wider region is known from the records of drill holes.

The main mass of this mountain range, so far as we know it from present exposures, is made up of a very hard rock known as quartzite, or less frequently as jasper. Low ledges of this rock peep out through the thin covering of soil and turf at many points. Often high hills or ridges, such as "The Mound" rising 175 feet above Rock River north of Luverne, Minnesota, are seen to be made up entirely of this rock, and the backbone of such a hill, as well as most of its ribs, is usually plainly in evidence.

The rock takes a good polish and is used extensively for ornamental work. At many places a very fine natural polish has been given the exposures, and striated surfaces are also frequent. While much of this work has probably been done by glacial ice, it is not unlikely that the natural sand blasts of the prairie may have been as effective on the hill-sides as the artificial blast in the shop. The glassy surfaces were viewed with wonder by the Indian, and to account for them he called in the agency of heat, supposing that "Gitchie Manito the Mighty" disappeared in a whirlwind of fire after taking his famous smoke.

The quartzite, although hard, is easily broken down by the frost because of the intersecting joint planes which run

through it. These meet at angles approximating ninety degrees, so that an exposed surface of rock has often the appearance of a paved street. Another result of these joint planes, together with the insoluble character of the rock itself, is that the stone weathers with sharp faces. The streams in crossing the areas cut deep canyons with jagged precipitous walls. One may stand on the edge



"A sharp though time-softened scarp."

of such a canyon as "The Dells," near Dell Rapids, South Dakota, and see on one side the rolling prairie not differing perceptibly from that characteristic of the whole of the great plains. Yet at his very feet is as sharp a gorge as any in the Rockies and as typical a bit of mountain scenery as can be found.

It is hard for an Irishman to disguise his brogue, but it is far harder for mountain-making rocks to disguise their topography, and here, far out on the prairie, these mountains, long since buried though they have been, assert at the first exposure their true character.

Clambering carefully down the mountain side, one finds—if he be fortunate or has chosen his path wisely—a narrow foot-ledge projecting at the edge of the water. Perhaps by clinging with both hands he may make his way carefully around some projecting bend and find a convenient resting place from which to watch the dark green water move swiftly past. Shut in here with only the blue sky overhead and the dark water below, it is hard to realize that one is really in a part of the "Great American Desert."

These deep, sharp gorges are characteristic of the region and are found at many points. One of the best examples may be seen from the car windows of the Sioux City & Northern Railway at Palisades, South Dakota. The railway here runs along the very edge of as picturesque a ravine as may be seen in any mountain country. The track runs over bare rock alone. The telegraph poles are held in place by piles of loose rock built around their bases there being no dirt in which to set them. The canyon walls are sharp and in places jut out slightly over the water. The beautiful pink color of the rock with the bright green of the grass and the clear tones of the water form a mingling of colors which, aside from the forms displayed by the rock, is of great beauty.

Palisades was a favorite camping ground for the Indians. They were perhaps not so greatly attracted by the beauty of the place as by the fact that there is here an exposure of the indurated clay layer known as Catlenite, which was so highly esteemed for the manufacture of pipes. The "Great Red Pipestone Quarry," still zealously guarded by the Indians, is some twenty-five miles northeast in Minnesota. In the summer of 1893 the remains of camp-fires and the circles of rocks which marked the former location of tepees were still to be found on the top of the bluff east of the Palisades.

There is a ripple in the stream at this point; the water expands to quite a little lake, furnishing abundant water power. Where the Indian so long roamed undisturbed, the white man is now supreme, and on the hill opposite the camping ground is a mill where the sedate miller watches his water-wheel and the big dog half rouses from his midday nap to see the train pass by.

Palisades is not the only point where the peculiar results of these buried mountains have been taken advantage of by men. Near Dell Rapids the ledges of stone form natural piers for a railway bridge, and in Sioux Falls one may almost quarry the rock for his house in digging the cellar. The exposures within the limits of that city are abundant, and one may see, beyond the ledges in the river bank, the tall form of some beautiful building constructed from the stone.

The Sioux Falls proper are caused by the Sioux River crossing a ridge of quartzite, having been thrown out of its old bed, west of the city, by the great Dakota glacier. There is an aggregate fall of about seventy feet, making available unlimited power. The Queen Bee flour mill was built to utilize this energy, but has never been operated, and the river plunges foaming over the long stretch of descending ledges in a series of beautiful cataracts as unfettered as when old Fort Dakota stood on its bank and the blue-coated soldiers were keeping a sharp lookout for the blood-thirsty Sioux.

The quartzite is not the only rock which goes to form these old mountains. From outcrops north and east, and from drill-holes south and west, we know of the presence of a wide range of granites, gneisses, quartz-porphyrries and similar rocks. In the immediate region these are not exposed at the surface, and in addition to the quartzite we have of the earlier rocks only certain exposures of black slates and diabase. The latter, near Carson, S. D., rises in a sharp though time-softened scarp along Split Rock Creek, and probably marks the line of

an intrusion of molten rock into a fissure in the quartzite. Where the stream crosses a ledge of the diabase the latter breaks up into a mass of boulders, over and between which the water runs in pretty little streamlets. The cooling sound of the water as it murmurs among the rocks does much toward recompensing one for the long, hot tramp across dusty fields with a heavy camera.

These buried mountains are a portion of the primeval land of North America. In Archæan time, which is the earliest of which the geologist knows anything,—and of which, by the way, there is a good deal he does not know,—there existed a V-shaped continent within which lay Hudson's Bay. From the point of this V an arm stretched off to the southwest, and is now represented in certain granites and gneisses of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Around the edge of this land sediments accumulated, and both on land and in the sea volcanoes were probably active. In the region near Sioux Falls an immense sand-bank accumulated. After a time the sea retreated and the sand-bank and related beds were elevated. The loose sand had then been, or subsequently became, soaked with waters charged with silica, and the individual sand grains began to grow. They increased in size until they formed a firm, interlocking mass and thus became the quartzite which we now see. This quartzite stood a long time above the sea, so long that the difference in hardness between it and the surrounding beds began to show in the greater height of the quartzite hills. At its surface exposures the rock is now more than 1,700 feet above the related beds encountered in the deep well at Mason City, and about the same distance above similar beds below Sioux City. The surface of this region was then very rough. At Le Mars it was 500 feet above Sioux City. At Hull it was more than 700 feet still higher. Between Pawnee City and Omaha there was a difference of over 1,400 feet, and the mountain top upon which Sioux Falls is built must have been considerably more than



JASPER POOL—A TYPICAL BIT OF SCENERY IN THE REGION OF "THE BURIED MOUNTAINS OF THE PRAIRIE."

2,000 feet above the then elevation of Omaha.

These old mountains yielded grudgingly to the sea. In each succeeding epoch the waters seemed to have crept farther inland. For the greater portion of the time the ridge was connected with the mainland to the northeast, but was finally cut off and became an island. It was only in late Cretaceous time that the

oldest bit of Iowa, the quartzite tableland of Lyon county, became submerged, and then only for a brief period. Now, having finally conquered the sea, though well-nigh buried beneath the sand and mud, it stands out above the prairie. In this table-land, sheltered by the steep walls of quartzite, lies Jasper Pool, a typical bit of scenery in the buried mountains of the prairie.

THE APRIL WIND.

THE rover Wind was out to-day,
And through the sunny April hours
He walked the blue field of the bay
And gathered there the snowy flowers.

He piled them high in winrows white,
He heaped them on the pebbled shore,
And as they faded from my sight
He quickly ran and brought me more.

A thousand wreaths he gave the land,
Rare garlands at my feet he lay,
He scattered blossoms on the sand
And flung each cliff a pale bouquet.

Herbert Bashford.

THE HOME OF THE DUEL.

BY ELBERT W. ROCKWOOD.

IN FAR-AWAY Germany there lies in a certain river valley a University City which in these pages shall be nameless. The fields, with their wealth of green in summer and yellow in harvest-time, slope toward it from the hills which enclose the valley. Between the fields and the crowded houses in the city proper

lies a fringe of modern villas surrounded by gardens. The old town is encircled by an ancient wall.



Though a walled city, its fortifications are neither surmounted by rifled cannon nor patrolled by armor-clad knights. The moat outside has long since been filled or converted into miniature lakes where the ducks and swans float lazily all day long. On the top of the wall grow double lines of linden trees, which have stood for more than a century as its only sentinels. Today, its ancient glory vanished, it serves the more prosaic purpose of a popular promenade and recreation ground.

The city, seen from this promenade, appears a jumble of gray walls; misfit, red-tiled roofs; clumsy church-towers and belfries; badly paved streets and sidewalks; and flocks of children, seemingly as numerous as the flies in summer. The gray old Rathaus, or City Hall, with its five centuries of history, overlooks the market-place.

As the student hurries through this square on his way to an early lecture, he finds a characteristic German scene. Ranged in a long line on the sidewalks are the heavy baskets which have each been brought for miles upon the back of some peasant woman, or drawn by a lean and muscular dog, or, perchance, by the cow which furnishes the milk for the butter or the odoriferous cheese. Through the morning the row of knitting, gossiping peasant women watch their farm and dairy produce and haggle with their customers over the price; but by noon they have disappeared, leaving behind only scattered leaves or other refuse from their various wares.

Among the hundreds of students seen upon the streets, the attention of the American is arrested by groups who wear diminutive caps of bright colors with still more diminutive vizors, and who have their faces covered with scars. They are the members of the dueling-corps. They are frequently accompanied by a dog as large as a six weeks' old calf, or as small as a black and tan terrier, but having legs only about three inches long, the famous German *Dachshund*. On festival occasions the vizored cap is replaced by a round, much embroidered one, the size of the

palm of the hand. The student at such times assumes an embroidered coat with broad white sash and gauntlet gloves. His tight-fitting trousers are white and the boots come above the knee. A sword with a basket hilt, decorated with the colors of his corps, completes the costume.

There are about a dozen of these corps whose delight seems to be in fighting. The duels may be because one man has been insulted; but more often they are arranged between the members of the different corps, much as we would arrange a game of base-ball. Of course it is all illegal, there being special laws of the University forbidding fencing with sharp swords, or in any way unless the fencing-master is present. The duels take place on two or three days in the week and at certain places which are used only for that purpose. The officers occasionally make raids upon them, but they are not often molested.

One bright Saturday morning a party of a half-dozen Americans started out to get a glimpse of this side of German student life. The dueling house lies about a mile outside the city on a perfectly straight road, so that the approach of the officials can be seen without difficulty. There were scouts, too, stationed along the way; but, as we did not look suspicious, our coming seemed to raise no question.

Before the low, one-story building, shaded by large linden trees, stood a number of carriages. Inside we could hear the clash of steel. An attendant came out and stopped us, to whom we expressed a desire to be admitted. He asked if we knew any of the students. We were obliged to reply in the negative, but we did as we would if we were making a formal call,—that is, sent in our cards. The attendant soon returned and ushered us around to the side door.

With the exception of a small dressing-room at the end, there was only one room in the building,—a large one with a gallery. Around the sides

of the room were tables covered with glasses and bottles of beer. Numerous students, wearing their corps caps, were sitting about these, smoking, drinking, and eating sandwiches, looking on with about as much interest as the average American would evince when the milk-wagon passes. Two sofas stood on opposite sides of the room, and not far away was a table with some wash-bowls and a pitcher of water,—the object of which was obvious. The doctor, dressed in a white apron reaching to his feet, was circulating among the crowd, smiling continually, as though he thought it all a very enjoyable proceeding.

A duel is in progress as we enter. The men face one another in the middle of the floor, armed and equipped for the fray, but rather more equipped than armed. They are protected so that it is practically impossible for either of them to be killed, though students have been known to die from wounds received in the duel. The duelist wears a thickly padded garment like an apron, extending from the lower part of the breast to the knees, with a shield over the heart. A thick muffler is wrapped around the neck. The sword arm is protected, and the eyes are covered with goggles with straps passing back over the ears so that those appendages may not be entirely cut off. The swords are long and very flexible, with basket hilts, but sharpened only on the points and near the ends.

The men are just at present resting between the rounds, with their two seconds, dressed in the corps colors, standing by, and with their corps brothers near to encourage them. The timekeeper, with pencil and paper, notes the length of the intermission.

Now they are in position again, the sword arm held high above the head with the weapon upward. The seconds stand between them, but somewhat at one side, crouching to spring out of the way when the word is given. Now they are holding their swords between those of the principals, now a word of warning, and "Go!"—clash, clash, clash, sound

the swords, the strokes given with a whipping wrist motion so as to reach over the other's guard and cut him on the head and face. We can see the weapons bend over the upraised arm, and then,—“Halt!” cry the seconds, striking up the blows with their own swords.

Perhaps one is injured; perhaps it is only a bent sword. The seconds carefully examine the combatants while their friends sponge the blood from their faces or straighten their swords. It is considered cowardly or disgraceful to let the arm sink in the presence of an enemy, so it is supported during the rest by a friend.

Then they are at it again. They are not allowed to move the head at all to dodge the blows, nor can they change their position upon the floor, but must ward off the strokes or take them. In a few moments it is over. Both the combatants are wounded, though not seriously.

As soon as they have left the floor another pair come forward. One of them is a Portuguese, one of my laboratory acquaintances. He is a large man for a student, weighing over two hundred pounds. He does not belong to any corps, and the cause of the duel is probably an insult. The other is a corps man, and is considerably smaller; but, as events prove, he is a skillful fighter.

They have soon buckled on their armor and are ready for the battle. We can see when they do begin that this is no play duel but is “for blood” from the start. At the word they both strike out with all their strength, the swords clashing furiously. The smaller man defends himself well and soon cuts a long gash in the Portuguese's forehead which bleeds profusely. That, however, only briefly delays the contest. They pause long enough to put on a pad of cotton and then the hostilities re-commence. The large man strikes right and left, round after round, his wound bleeding all the time until his face is wholly covered and he looks as if he had been bathing in blood. It is difficult for us to see when the men receive any new wounds. At last, though, the German has another, and this time a



THE DUEL.

serious one. a long, deep gash in the cheek. The doctor comes forward and, after examining him, pronounces it dangerous and stops the fight. Then they retire, to reappear after a time, their heads covered with bandages of absorbent cotton.

Meanwhile the fighting does not lag. Two new contestants are ready, and after the doctor has examined their heads and covered the scars of recent battles with leather protectors they begin to slash away at each other. They are not very skillful, however, and, after the previous battle, this does not seem exciting. If neither combatant is disabled after fighting a certain time, it is, according to the rules, declared a draw. That is what

happens in this case, although both are wounded.

It is now noon and everybody repairs to the inn across the way for refreshments. After lunch there will probably be more bloodshed. It usually continues until dark, but we have seen enough and return to the city.

On Sunday the "heroes" may be seen upon the streets wearing very large soft caps over their bandages. In a few days the coverings are removed and the wounds are exposed for the admiration of the beholder. Some are said to go so far as to remove the surgeon's stitches in order to make the scars larger. The more conspicuous they are, the prouder their possessors appear to be.

TRIOLET.

- O APRIL, you are a sad coquette,
 I trust you and then I doubt you!
 You are shy and coy as your violet,—
 Yet April, you are a sad coquette,—
 Your smiles and frowns I have bravely met,
 For I never can live without you!
 O April, you are a sweet coquette,
 And never long can I doubt you.

Emma Playter Seabury.

SOME STATESMEN'S WIVES IN WASHINGTON. I.

By JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

I TRUST that the following paragraphs about a few of the many charming women whose husbands represent states and congressional districts in Washington may be found not entirely devoid of interest.

Mrs. Blackburn, wife of Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, is exceedingly popular in the Capital City, as are also her three charming daughters, who have here grown to womanhood—and two of them married. Mr. Blackburn served five terms in Congress before his promotion to the Senate in 1885. His wife was Miss Terese Graham, born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, where her father, Dr. C. C. Graham, was a prominent physician. She is tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes and most engaging manners. She must have married very young, for she looks more like a sister than the mother of her daughters.



MRS. SENATOR BLACKBURN, OF KENTUCKY.



MRS. SENATOR SQUIRE, OF WASHINGTON.

Very popular is the comely wife of Senator Wilkinson Call, of Florida. She is tall and graceful, with dark brown eyes and hair and a sweet, low voice. She was Miss Carolina Simpkins, of South Carolina, and is a prominent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, by right of her ancestors on both sides. She had been married about three years when her husband came to the Senate seventeen years ago, and her tall, handsome daughter, Lucy, has almost grown up here. The Calls have a pleasant home on N Street, near the British Embassy.

Mrs. Squire, wife of the senior Senator from the State of Washington, was Ida Remington, of Ilion, New York, a daughter of the famous manufacturer. She received an excellent education at the best institutions of her native State, much time being given to music. She is of



MRS. SENATOR CALL, OF FLORIDA.

medium height and good figure, with dark brown eyes, curly gray hair and a charming expression which no photograph quite catches. She is well read and a good talker, and has traveled much. She has four children. The eldest son not long ago married Miss Mary Louise Clary, the charming contralto of the Cathedral in New York. Senator and Mrs. Squire have a handsome home in Seattle.

Senator John L. Wilson was the first Representative in Congress from the State of Washington, so that he and his wife were not strangers in the Capital City when he moved over into the Senate last year. Mrs. Wilson was Miss Edna Sweet, of Chicago, and was educated at Ferry Hall, Lake Forest. She is a brilliant performer upon the piano and has a sweet, well-cultivated soprano voice. She was a mere girl when she married and went West, and looks quite girlish now, being petite, slender and a perfect

blonde. She is vivacious, bright and witty. She has a lovely home at Spokane and is fond of house-keeping, but she and her little daughter are domiciled in Washington that they may be with the Senator.

Mrs. Vilas, of Wisconsin, made many friends while her husband was in President Cleveland's first cabinet—a cabinet which will long be remembered as one of the most charming, all round, that Washington has ever known—and they were glad to welcome her back among them when her distinguished husband came to the Senate five years ago. She was Miss Annie Fox, daughter of Dr. W. H. Fox, a prominent Wisconsin physician. Mrs. Vilas is of medium height and rather delicate looking, with pleasant manners and fine taste in dress. Senator and Mrs. Vilas live at the Arlington, while their pretty daughter remains with her brother in their beautiful home at Madison.



MRS. SENATOR MITCHELL, OF WISCONSIN.

The wife of Senator John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, is a tall, handsome woman with dark hair and eyes, a sweet smile and cordial, unaffected manner. She was Miss Harriet Danforth Beckar, of South Worcester, New York, and was born in an old mansion which had belonged to her family before the Revolution. She was carefully educated at home and abroad, and, since her marriage, has traveled much. Her husband is one of the wealthiest men in the Senate, but she makes no parade of wealth. She keeps house handsomely on Capital Hill, dresses well and discharges her many social duties with grace and tact; does a great deal of good, unostentatiously, keeps posted on current topics and is a devoted mother, bringing up her houseful of young children plainly and sensibly.

The handsome and attractive wife of Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, is a native of the State her husband so ably represents. She was Miss Anna Malcolm Agnew, of Scottish parentage, whence she inherited her perfect health and rosy cheeks. She possesses unusual musical talent, singing, playing upon the piano and harp and composing for both



MRS. SENATOR BURROWS, OF MICHIGAN.

instrument and voice. She paints cleverly, and has written some charming poems; reads much, takes much interest in passing events and talks well; is an excellent housekeeper; is a sincere friend, taking pleasure in doing kind things that many busy women never think of. Senator and Mrs. Davis have a beautiful home in St. Paul, and a very pleasant one here on Massachusetts Avenue, just above Thomas Circle.

The wife of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, like her husband, is a native of Norway, and came to this country when a child. She is very quiet, retiring and modest; has spent little time in Washington though her husband has been in Congress for many years. She is devoted to her children and her pleasant home at Alexandria, in the beautiful "Park Region" of her adopted State.

Hon. Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan, had been in Congress almost continuously since 1873, so that he and his wife were well known here when he entered the Senate last year, and were among the most popular people in Washington. Mrs. Burrows was Miss Frances Peck, of



MRS. SENATOR DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA.

Kalamazoo, and as a young girl attended the school taught by Mr. Burrows, thus learning something more from him than the "three R's." She is tall, of graceful bearing, has wavy, dark hair, blue-gray eyes and fine complexion; reads much and is bright and entertaining in conversation. She is quite musical; paints in water colors; embroiders beautifully, and has given generously of her handiwork and time to bazaars for charity. She is keeping house for the first time in Washington, on Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the German Embassy.

Few brides have made a greater sensation than the lovely young wife of Senator Charles J. Faulkner, of West Virginia. When he brought her to Washington two years ago everybody fell in love with her at once, and time has only riveted their chains. She was Virginia Fairfax Whiting, of Hampton, Virginia, where her people have lived and intermarried with other prominent families for over two hundred years. Her great-great-great-grandfather, Col. Beverly Whiting, held George Washington in his arms when the "Father of his Country" was christened, and one of his daughters married



MRS. SENATOR FAULKNER, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Washington's brother Samuel. Mrs. Faulkner is tall and slender, with clear olive complexion, large brown eyes and wavy dark brown hair. She is fond of outdoor sports, is a daring and graceful rider, and is accomplished in many ways. She is greatly missed this winter, for she has a small son who is, she thinks, much better off in the big, pleasant family mansion at Winchester than he would be in Washington.

Everybody who saw the November MIDLAND—in which appeared quite the best picture I have ever seen of Mrs. Elkins, wife of the other West Virginia Senator—knows that she is lovely, but if they have not met her they cannot know how charming she is. She was Miss Hallie Louise Davis, daughter of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. She was a belle here, as a girl, and one of the most popular women in the Harrison cabinet circle. Senator and Mrs. Elkins are housekeeping on Rhode Island Avenue, and entertain handsomely.

The lovely young wife of Senator Thomas L. Martin, of Virginia, was a



MRS. SENATOR MARTIN, OF VIRGINIA.

noted belle as Miss Lucy Chambliss Day. She was but twenty when she became a bride, less than two years ago. Her father is Hon. C. Fenton Day, of Smithfield, and his daughter's wedding there was one of the most brilliant events of the year. Mrs. Martin is tall and slight, with clear, pale complexion, large brown eyes and wavy, golden-brown hair. She is highly accomplished, possesses decided literary talent, and is a superb horse-woman, handling the reins over a fine team with grace and ease.

Mrs. Money, wife of Representative and Senator-elect Hernando D. Money, of Mississippi, is another handsome Southern woman, — a decided brunette, tall and slight, with clear olive complexion, wavy black hair and dark blue eyes. She was Miss Claudia Boddie, born and brought up in Jackson, Mississippi; was carefully educated and acquired languages easily. She has great musical talent — improvising delightfully — and has writ-



MRS. SENATOR-ELECT MONEY, OF MISSISSIPPI.

ten many clever Southern dialect stories, essays and poems. She is very earnest and, while not an advocate of woman suffrage, is deeply interested in everything which is for the good of her sex. She has five children. Her second daughter, Lilian, a pretty brunette and a fine musician, was married on the 12th of February to Mr. Beverly Allen Read, of Laredo, Texas.

The wife of Senator Stephen M. White, of California, is a very pretty woman, of medium height and slender figure, with olive complexion, black hair and fine dark eyes with well-arched brows and long lashes. She was Hortense Sacriste, was born in North Carolina and reared in California, save when pursuing her studies in a convent at Philadelphia. Her father was a Frenchman and her mother was of Irish descent. Four pretty little children grace her home, two boys and two girls; the youngest, a pretty babe five months old, is named Gerald Griffin for Senator White's paternal great-uncle, the famous Irish poet and novelist. She is greatly



MRS. SENATOR CARTER, OF MONTANA.

missed in society as she is in mourning for her mother.

The wife of Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, made many friends while her husband was Commissioner of the General Land Office, during Harrison's administration. She was Miss Helen M. Galen, born at Tumwater, Washington, and educated at Notre Dame, Indiana, where much time was given to music, especially the harp and piano. Her parents removed to Helena, where she married and where she has a handsome home. When in Washington she lives in a pleasant house on the brow of the hill, near Fourteenth Street, overlooking the city. Mrs. Carter is tall and fair, with pleasing manner, and is very agreeable in conversation. She has two small boys to whom she is devoted.

Mrs. Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, received a hearty welcome when her husband returned to the Senate after an absence of several years. Mrs. Warren, who has just celebrated her silver wedding, was Miss Helen M. Smith, of Massachusetts, of good Revolutionary stock; was married soon after completing her



MRS. SENATOR WARREN, OF WYOMING.

education at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and went with Mr. Warren to Wyoming. She has a handsome house in Cheyenne and has always entertained a great deal, as her husband is very prominent in politics and has three times been Governor of the State. She is president of church, literary and charitable societies, and a member of several other organizations. She recently joined the Dolly Madison Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, in Washington. She takes great interest in politics; has voted ever since she went West, and thinks that a lady may be just as much a lady at the polls as in her drawing room. She is tall, has dark hair and eyes, and a pleasing expression to which her photograph does scant justice. The Warren home is on Q Street. A daughter of fifteen, named Helen Frances (for both parents), and a son three years younger, add much to the attractiveness of this ideal home.

Mrs. Clark, wife of the Wyoming senator, Hon. Clarence D. Clark, is a brunette of medium stature and slender form, with wavy black hair, sparkling, observant dark eyes and pleasing man-



MRS. SENATOR CLARK, OF WYOMING.

ner. She is straightforward and honest, detests shams, has bright and original views on many subjects, and talks well. She is a good "United States" woman, though born a subject of Queen Victoria, in Ontario. Being a good citizen, she votes when in Wyoming from a sense of duty. She has many friends in Iowa, where her husband practiced law for several years. She is the mother of three pretty little girls, and keeps house here on T Street.

Senator and Mrs.

Gear, of Iowa, have pleasant apartments at the Portland when in Washington. Mrs. Gear, who has been an invalid for the past eight years, is in much better health this winter, so that she occasion-



MRS. J. W. BARCOCK, OF WISCONSIN.

ally goes into society — which she enjoys — but not so often as her friends could wish. She likes better to have her friends come to see her and sit down for a visit. As she is very agreeable in conversation, this is a risky thing to do if one starts out with a long list of calls which must be made. Mrs. Gear reads much and devotes considerable time to needle-work, her embroideries being artistic and beautiful.

There are so many notable, well-favored and interesting wo-

men in Representative circles that I cannot forbear mentioning a few.

The handsome bride of the handsome and eloquent Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, to whom he was



MRS. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, OF IOWA.

married in November, is already very popular in society. She was Miss Louise Pearson, a daughter of Hon. George R. Pearson, of Fort Dodge, formerly of Hartford, Vermont, and a niece of Hon. D. K. Pearson, the noted Chicago philanthropist. She was educated at Wellesley; was the junior president of her class, and, after traveling for some time, taught in the Evanston College for two years. She is a tall, well-formed brunette, with rose-tinted cheeks and fine eyes, and is very entertaining in conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver live at the Hamilton.

The wife of Representative J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, was Miss Mary Finch, of Clinton, Iowa, her father, Mr. C. C. Finch, being one of the early settlers of the State. Mrs. Babcock has traveled much, and is a well-informed, liberal-minded woman. She is of medium height, with fair complexion, brown hair and pleasant, unaffected manner. Mr. and Mrs. Babcock have a beautiful home at Necedah, Wisconsin, and live in Washington in a handsome house on Capitol Hill. They have one grown son, but one



MRS. FRANK ALDRICH, OF CHICAGO.

would think that they had a large family, for they always have a houseful of relatives and friends. Mrs. Babcock is fond of girls and generally has several staying with her.

The charming wife of Hon. Joseph E. Washington, of Tennessee, was Miss Mary Bollen Kemp, a Virginia belle and beauty. Her father, Judge Wyndham Kemp, of Gloucester County, was the grandson of Professor Wyndham Kemp, of William and Mary College, who was the first of his name to come to this country from England. She is a tall and graceful brunette, with fine complexion, laughing dark eyes, abundant black hair and most engaging manners. She wins friends at sight, and time strengthens the good impression. She has many accomplishments; has excellent taste in dress; is quite a notable housekeeper; a model wife and a devoted mother to several lovely children.

Another charming woman is Mrs. Aldrich, wife of the clever



MRS. JOSEPH E. WASHINGTON, OF TENNESSEE.

young representative from Chicago, Hon. J. Frank Aldrich. She was Miss Lulu Sherman, daughter of General Frank T. Sherman, and granddaughter of Francis C. Sherman, one of Chicago's first mayors. She is of medium height and graceful bearing, with blue eyes, soft brown hair worn quite plain, good complexion, and pretty dimples that come and go as she speaks. She was carefully educated; is very bright and pleasing in conversation; a graceful and clever writer and a decided social favorite. She is keeping house this winter; entertains charmingly, and has two pretty daughters, the eldest about sixteen, and one son.

One of the prettiest and most popular girls of two winters ago was Miss Birdie Abbott, of Minneapolis, a sister of the lovely wife of Hon. William Lochren, commissioner of pensions. She has traveled extensively; has been carefully educated, especially in music and languages, and is much admired wherever she goes. The young Nebraska congressman, David H. Mercer, carried her off from all competitors. She was a beautiful bride, tall and slight, with dark brown eyes, brown hair with a glint of



MRS. DAVID H. MERCER, OF NEBRASKA.

gold in it, and an exquisite complexion. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Mercer made an interesting tour of China and Japan, and spent considerable time in California.

CUBA.

HERE lies an isle, the fairest on the main,
 A helpless maiden, lone and prone and weak.
 Her voice, oft stilled, comes trembling up again,
 Still toned with anguish of oppression's pain,
 And each sad moan, and every piercing shriek
 That chills true hearts, all, all but plainly speak
 Of her held bleeding 'neath the heel of Spain.

And shall America stand bending o'er,—
 Our land so late redeemed and freed; shall we
 Disdain thine upstretched arms? Shall we ignore
 The chains, more cruel than our fathers bore,
 And turn deaf ear to thy most piteous plea?
 No! God forbid! As we love liberty,
 We'll strike the tyrant from thy sea-girt shore!

J. H. Harrison.

THE AUTHOR OF A ONCE POPULAR SONG.

"THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE."

BY BERT HOWDESHELL.

There's a church in the valley by the wild-
wood.
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS—

*Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church by the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale.
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.*

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling.
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

CHORUS.

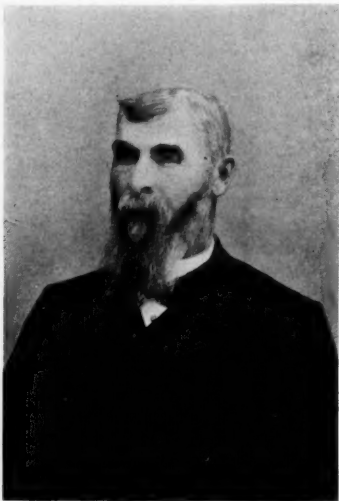
There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow;
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

CHORUS.

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers
bloom.

When the farewell hymn shall be chanted
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

CHORUS.



DR. W. S. PITTS,
Author of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

ALL LANDS have their churches in the valley and by the wildwood, and a tender interest will attach to the one made classic by an "Israfeel whose heartstrings were a lute" and who sang the sweetest of all God's creatures.

It is not generally known that at Bradford, in Northeastern Iowa, a village quite as deserted as, and I doubt not lovelier than, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the vale," stands as when it first met the poet's sight, the church of this sketch, the church beautified by a humble poet whose

"Songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer."

There, surrounded by the wildwood of the song, a wildwood of perfect trees, uncultivated flowers and fragrant thickets, and choristered by a broken melody of piping notes and joyous utterances, its clear, ringing bell still appeals in a rhythmic monody of "molten, golden notes."

Its history is as unadorned as is the pure and simple religion of the Christ to whom it is consecrated. It is a product of the wildwood, an offspring of the forest, its pristine simplicity unchanged by the progress going on all about it.

Dr. W. S. Pitts, now living at Fredericksburg, Iowa, whose song has "put a girdle around the world," and whose subjects in all lands have crowned him with an eternal wreath of love, diamonded with tears, in a personal letter to the writer, speaks thus of his song and the church it pictures:

"Near the close of a beautiful day in June, 1857, I first visited the spot now being made classic by that song, 'The Little Brown Church in the Vale.' This portion of the Cedar Valley will always be beautiful, but it was doubly so then. Even now, after the lapse of so many



"The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

years, I can see the corn hills left by the Indians when they journeyed toward the setting sun, the natural oaks, the greenward, the flowers, the prairie to the east, the woodland to the west, and the little Cedar River running like a thread of silver through the valley. I was born with an intense love for music and a love for the beautiful in nature. From my earliest recollections the dearest things to me were the songs my mother sang and the hills and valleys around my native place. [He was born in Orleans County, New York, in August, 1830.] I began the study of music early in life and am still a student. The intense love of music born within me has never waned or grown cold and it burns to-day within me with all the fervency of former years. At an

early age I began the study of music and my songs have sung themselves into the hearts of many, many thousands of people. Everywhere in all civilized countries 'The Little Brown Church' seems to be loved and sung.

"It is a 'folk-song' and will be sung hundreds of years to come. It is sung in concert halls—the Tennesseans sang it for eight consecutive years, and Mr. Donoven writes me: 'Your 'Little Brown Church' is very popular, and deservedly so.'"

My chief purpose is to present to MIDLAND readers the picture of the man back of the verse, and of the unpretentious little house of prayer which inspired the song that has been sung round the world.

THE GREATER GRIEF.

TO LIVE neglected and unknown,
To feel that hope will not awaken
Is hard, but harder yet it is
To be forgotten and forsaken.

S. K. Macaw.

WHERE POESY THRIVES.

*I LEAVE the mountain path agleam
With frozen passion, rough with hard
Achievements, in Ambition's dream
Foretold, by Fate so sternly starred.*

*My once proud spirit yearns to rest
Amid the winding vales below,
Where life is warm with love's sweet zest;
To kiss the flowers, forget the snow.*



Drawing by S. M. Newberry.

*Where clasping arms forbid the chill
From high-flung winds on lonely heights,
And life's foreboding, threatening ill
Is dreamed away in holy nights.*

*Where each new day shall call to song
My tuneful thoughts that lately slept,
Or waking, stalked like ghosts among
The hemlocked hills, and silence kept.*

Barton O. Aylesworth.

A TRIP ACROSS NEW ZEALAND.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO HOKITIKA.

By W. E. GLANVILLE, PH. D., LL. B.

IF YOU examine a map of New Zealand, you will find the name "Christchurch" near the east coast of the South Island, and the name "Hokitika" on the west coast, slightly north of the latitude of Christchurch.

Christchurch, one of New Zealand's most populous and flourishing cities, is situated on a plain within sound of the boom of the South Pacific breakers. Its population exceeds 35,000. It is the residence of the Primate, or Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church; has a magnificent cathedral with a spire rising two hundred and two feet; a university, grammar school, high schools for boys and girls respectively; public schools, public parks and public libraries; long streets of business premises; well and artistically built of brick and stone; electric light, tramcar, telephone and telegraph systems, — in short, this city of the far-away South is not a whit behind any city of equal size in our own country.

For thirty years and over Christchurch has been the starting-point for one of the most pleasurable overland trips which Australasia affords. Twice a week during that period the stage-coach has left Christchurch for Hokitika, taking its course along the well-known West Coast Road. In recent years, however, a railroad has been constructed inland from Christchurch for a distance of forty miles, so that to-day the famous Cobb & Company's coaches, instead of starting from Christchurch for the overland trip, start from Springfield the terminus of the railroad.

It was a beautiful summer morning in January, some years ago, when a party of four set out from

Christchurch in an open buggy for the purpose of crossing the island to the west coast and enjoying the unsurpassed mountain scenery which the journey provides.

The buggy was capacious and road-worthy, as it needed to be, for, besides the passengers it carried, it was heavily laden with blankets and tent, strapped on behind, and a large, square box tied underneath and filled with provisions, chief of which were condensed milk, tea, cocoa, sugar, ham, self-raising flour, and a mug and plate apiece.

The travelers' attire was selected with a view to service rather than fashion. The hats worn were of the sombrero style.



THE PASS—A BIT OF NEW ZEALAND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.
"Through the Alps are winding passes."

At 6:30 the men "let go" the horses' heads, and by 7:00 the party of pleasure-seekers had left the dust of Christchurch streets behind them and were swinging along the country road, headed for the snow-capped mountains which stretched across the horizon in front of them.

The end of the first day's travel found the party close by the river Korvai, forty-two miles from Christchurch. Here, within gunshot of the noisy stream, the tent was pitched for the night. A few miles off was Springfield, the railroad terminus. At a little distance, and near the river bank, were waterworks, from which the plain is irrigated for miles around by water-races.

The next morning, the travelers having partaken of breakfast "*al fresco*," the buggy was put in readiness for resuming the journey. That was the day on which the mid-week coach left Springfield, and as it was desirable to let the coach pass on ahead before the first piece of mountain climbing was attempted, the party determined to rest at the foot of the hills and discuss lunch.

While resting there the first impressions of the New Zealand Southern Alps were obtained. And they *are* Alps, in reality as well as name! Running north and south through the South Island, parallel and near to the western coast, these Alps awaken the admiration of all beholders. With an average height of 9,000 feet, they rise in places to peaks eleven and twelve thousand feet high, culminating in Mt. Cook, 13,200 feet above the level of the sea. Below the snow-line the Alps are heavily timbered with specimens of sub-tropical, temperate and sub-temperate flora. From the sides of the Alps flow streams which, on reaching the plains, form rivers of incalculable value to the country. Here and there, in the shady recesses of the Alps, are peaceful mountain lakes, smooth as a mirror, reflecting on their surface the beauties of earth and sky. Through the Alps are winding passes, some untrodden by the foot of man, others blasted and graded into coach-roads, which form highways

of communication between the east and west coasts.

It was along one of these passes, called Porter's Pass, that the travelers continued their journey after lunch. Meanwhile, the coach, with its usual complement of mail-sacks, passengers and baggage, had passed on and begun the ascent. The pass is three miles long. Two vehicles can just pass each other. On one side are the steep or sloping walls of the mountains, on the other is a precipice. From the foot the ascent is gentle for nearly two miles, after which it becomes decidedly difficult until the top is reached, three thousand feet above sea-level. At the top is one of the most beautiful of blue lakes, called Lake Linden, a favorite camping place.

Finding it cool and chilly, our party decided not to tarry by the lake, but to push on to the inn, or Accommodation House, as it is called, at Castle Hill, about a mile farther along the road. Castle Hill is so called because the softness of the rocks has caused the top of a neighboring hill to be worn away until what is left standing looks just like the ruins of a castle. Here the party remained over night. After supper, in the rosy light of the setting sun, they went out on one of the spurs of the mountain, looking east, and saw spread out before them, and three thousand feet below them, the Canterbury Plains, on the farther side of which the city of Christchurch could be seen. Next morning, before proceeding on their journey, they visited the sheep station and shearing shed, the only building besides the Accommodation House in that part of the country. Near the shearing shed is a popular cave, whose stalactites have assumed all manner of fantastic forms suggestive of legs of mutton, hams and organ-pipes. From Castle Hill to The Bealey, thirty miles distant, the mountain road is somewhat monotonous with the exception of Craigburn Cutting, a part of the road which descends nearly a thousand feet and is densely bordered with vegetation. The Bealey Inn, right in the heart of the Alps, and known to all New Zealand travelers as one of the his-

toric hostelryes of the country, is the next stopping place. Besides being an accommodation house for coaches, horses and tourists, The Bealey is the headquarters of an officially liveried constable and is a police station. Rumor says that said constable's office is mostly a sinecure, being confined to the safe custody of a few "drunks" in the course of the year. For interior comfort, cheeriness and homelikeness the old Bealey Inn cannot be excelled. The surrounding mountainous neighborhood is as weird and misty as any section of Grampian scenery in "auld Scotland." It is said that rain falls at The Bealey every day in the year. After a night's rest in the cozy chambers of this inn, the party prepared for an exciting day's trip, for lying right in the track of their journey are the numerous torrents which unite lower down to form the volume of one of New Zealand's largest and most angry rivers,—the Wainakariri. There are no bridges across these torrents. Down, in a zigzag fashion, the road takes its course to the swirling waters, then disappears from sight to reappear on the farther side. Hard by some of these torrents are the bleached bones of horses that in former days proved unequal to the force of the current and were drowned. In the course of the day no less than seventeen of these mountain streams were crossed, frequently with no little fear and trembling to the occupants of the buggy, who for once wished that they had booked outside seats on the coach. Just after crossing the last of these torrents, and while the horses were resting after their extra exertion in breasting the rapid stream, a loud and regular plash of waters arrested the attention. Following the direction of the sound, the tourists stepped aside from the road and soon found themselves in full view of one of the numerous waterfalls which give added charm to the Alpine scenery. The Devil's Punch Bowl is the name given to this fall of water, which by its weight has hollowed out a basin in the platform of rock on which it falls. It is the largest waterfall along this particular route, but is nearly

hidden by steep precipices and luxuriant vegetation.

Clear of the feeders of the great Wainakariri River the party continue their journey, which now proceeds through the second long pass, known as Arthur's Pass. It is steeper and grander than Porter's Pass and introduces the traveler to some of the best scenery along the road. Before leaving Arthur's Pass a small stream takes its rise a few hundred feet below the road. It follows the direction of the road, now running and skipping and then rushing down some little descent. It is of a most distinct blue, with sheets of white foam, not a very wide stream but beautiful as it runs between fern and wild flower, tree-fern and rata. On and on the smiling, dancing river runs, while the tall and awful peaks above, snow-crowned and with their glaciers glittering in the summer sunshine, and the ferns and mountain lilies below, and the forest trees alive with the bell-birds filling the air with melody, complete a picture of mountain scenery never to be forgotten! On and on the stream rushes, gradually deepening and widening its channel, until it appears at the end of the pass as a river whose energies have sculptured out the hard rock into a grim gorge, the Otira Gorge, which reaches away to the west and forms the bed of the Otira River, which flows from the Alps to the west coast.

Leaving Arthur's Pass, the travelers began their descent on the western side of the Alps, and soon caught sight of the deep blue Pacific Ocean stretching across the western horizon. Another day's journey was completed, and in view of the ocean the party camped for the night.

At a little distance from the road, in the midst of trees and bushes, the tent was erected, and in the gloaming the travelers' conversation turned upon the numerous way-worn pedestrians who, twenty-five years previously, had trudged along that road, some to find their fortunes in the recently discovered gold-fields of the west coast, and others, by far the majority, to meet their death by starvation or murder.

The next day preparations were made for the final stretch of country that lies between the western slope of the Alps and Hokitika, their destination. The best of summer weather smiled upon them. For twenty-five miles the drive was most delightful. Leaving the western slope the road passes through one of the most densely wooded sections of country to be found on the island. For miles it is shaded by a succession of gigantic tree-ferns, perhaps the largest natural fernery in the world. Back from the road, on either side, the little nooks were all set

round with maidenhair, kidney and umbrella ferns, and moss-covered stones, while the water, clear and bright as crystal, trickled here and there over the whole. At Kennara, a little gold-mining settlement about seven miles inland from Hokitika, a stop was made for dinner, after which an hour's drive brought the party to Hokitika, the capital of the province of Westland, a seaport and the western terminus of the great West Coast Road. Thus, after nearly five days' driving, our healthful and altogether delightful summer excursion came to an end.



FATHER JOHN—AN EASTER IDYL.

BY VERNE S. PEASE.

IT WAS holy Easter morning. Little by little the darkness left the open space of the cell-like rooms in the old friary and formed skulking shadows in the corners. The dismal spell of silence and gloom preceding dawn was broken, the spirit of the Resurrection had prevailed and all nature was astir to herald another manifestation of light and life. A heavy mist rising from the warm, moist earth into the cool morning air, like clouds of incense shut out the dawn except when an occasional gust of wind would rift the veil and let in the gray aurora.

While yet the light and shadows were struggling back and forth, Father John arose from his hard cot and, having taken his old breviary from its paper wrappings, began his matutinal prayers and thanksgivings. He was a man of honest devotion and every morning went through his matins without the omission of a single word. Each "Oremus" found a hearty response in his pure, unquestioning piety. Every "Amen" echoed in fervent reverberations through the expanded recesses of his devout soul.

His devotions finished, he returned the beloved prayer-book to its paper wrap-

pings and passed through the long hall of the friary to the little world outside. It was indeed a little world, measured by miles and leagues. To the east, just across a narrow meadow and a pasture, stood the forest, where yet the shadows lingered; to the west the graveyard, a field of dead stubble and again gray, dark woods. How that encircling forest-wall seemed to encroach upon their once broad domain! In his youth, when he first joined the brotherhood and helped to clear the outlying fields, how distant the forest looked—how wide and long the meadows! Then the burying-yard was laid out, some little walk from the friary; now it was but a step to the farthestmost corner, which he had chosen for his own final resting-place.

It was like the story of his own life. The world once looked so large and beautiful and hopeful—there was so much to be done for suffering, dying humanity. Now he was too old and feeble to serve his fellow creatures, the world looked dwarfed and dead through his old eyes, which had almost lost the delighting sense of color and prayer and meditation and brought him to hope for a fairer home. Then, too, his friends

were nearly all in another world. Why was he left here? It was God's will, and, making the sign of the cross in token of resignation, he turned his steps toward the old gray walls of the church, with its belfry lost in the silvery mist.

But the morning would soon be full, and he must be at the organ to lead the chant of welcome to another day. To him it was no new or trifling employment—he had played at the sunrise service this half a century, and in all those years he had never once been late. He must not be tardy on this holy festal day. With great effort he climbed the steep stairs leading to the choir. They swayed and creaked beneath his uncertain step, and for the first time in all his life he felt a dizzy, sinking sensation. Already he had experienced all the common infirmities of old age,—the dull eye, the trembling hand, the quavering voice, but none of these had seemed like a premonition. He knew that his time was lived out long since and that he had been on grace time this score of years. How longingly, day after day, he had looked for his summons! Perhaps this strange sensation was a herald of the belated message. If so, come and welcome! Father John was ready. And he could not help thinking how sweet it would be if the call should come on this holy Resurrection morn, and while he was doing his little part for the glory of his Master.

At last he reached the organ-loft. He went to the east window to watch for the first appearance of the sun.

It must be some minutes yet, for the gray dawn showed no streaks of gold. Below, through the breaking mist, he saw the brothers moving about like phantom figures—so vague looked everything



Drawing by Mary A. Kirkup.

mortal to his dim and shriveling sight. He raised the window that he might catch the fresh air, for he felt faint and short of breath.

Sinking into a chair before the open window, he let his dim eyes wander over the pleasant landscape stretched out to the east—the meadow, with patches of green in promise of a glorious Tennessee summer; beyond, the woodland, somber and gray, but flecked with bursting foliage; and just back of that the massive, oval form of Mount Lawrence crowned with beetling oaks and spire-shaped pines. In all his years at the friary Father John had never before noticed how singularly like his childhood's home in the beloved Fatherland was this panorama. A breeze, laden with fresh spring fragrance, touched his cheek, like a kiss from heaven, and tossed the few thin locks of white hair.

Soothed by the breeze, allured by the day and scene, he fell into a deep reverie, and his mind went back to an Easter morning, many—many years ago. In his fancy he saw his father's humble home, his mother, his brothers and sisters,—a happy family. All were in holiday attire ready for the early mass, and, as they went toward the church they were joined by other groups and families of worshippers—all happy. He was the oldest child, just coming to manhood, and he recalled the pride with which his father looked upon him. Surely he was a handsome fellow. He saw again the old stone church overclimbed with vines, its seams green with clinging moss. It stood on a little plain, outside the village, flanked by a forest and mountain so like the view before him now! In the ancient belfry the chimes were ringing a simple measure from an Ave Maria. The service began, and Father Patzack, then a very old man, intoned the prayers in a voice harsh and tremulous, yet full of piety and devotion. In the far corner sat his sweetheart, Bertha Kuhr, rosy and beautiful in her holiday dress; but she did not notice him, she was absorbed so deeply in her devotions. How that sweet

face was fixed in his memory! While recollections of other faces were blurred by the joys and sorrows of these long years of change, this one, with all its wealth of benignant love, remained distinct, inviolate. And she had promised to name, on that Easter afternoon, the day for the publication of the bans for their marriage. So completely was he taken with the ecstasy of his love that he paid little heed to the service until the organ turned into happy strains of the Gloria—that seemed so much in accord with his feelings. How often and with what feeling he had played that Gloria on the friary organ of an Easter! The brothers said it was his best piece and often asked him to play it. Not far from Bertha sat Franz Blom, his rival for her affections, a handsome, manly fellow, the dashing sort that so often make captive the hearts of serious maidens.

The service was ended. O, if he could forget the rest! How hard he had tried to forget and how devoutly he had prayed God to blot from his memory the next scene! But it would come, and he hung his head in shame while great tears coursed down the furrows of his cheeks. He shuddered before the fantastic monster of his own jealous rage which incited his fierce attack upon Blom, on their way home from that holy Easter celebration. Before him on the ground lay his antagonist for dead, as he turned and hastened home to an agonizing farewell before he fled the country. But, thank God, his old enemy recovered and long since had forgiven him.

And the convent of St. Katharine, in the beautiful hills of Odenwald—how well he knew it and how often he had visited it in his youth! It was there Bertha buried her broken heart in the holy Sisterhood. May she inherit the Kingdom of Heaven! Again he went through the sufferings of his journey to the New World, sustained only by the determination to live a life of atonement. How well he had expiated that great sin he did not know, and he dared not attempt to review his good deeds in self-

justification. He had failed often, but he had done his best and would leave his case in the hands of an all-wise and all-merciful Judge.

Here his musings were broken by the clear, rich tones of the friary bell as it made announcement of day. Father John roused himself in alarm. His mind did not clear, he seemed to be looking into dreamland. To break the spell he passed his hands over his face and felt it still moist with tears of repentance and humiliation. Had he been asleep and dreaming on this holy morning? No, he had not slept—he had been watching that group of farmers as they came across the open field in a zigzag course, to attend the services. But memory, that relentless despot of the mind—memory with her dead joys and living sorrows—had driven out thoughts appropriate to the day. He was so old and feeble that his life was but a vibration from hope to memory and from memory back to hope. Surely God would forgive his weakness!

Looking through the window as the golden circle of the sun cut the line of the horizon, he crossed himself and said loudly and fervently, "Christ is risen!" In the church below the brothers took up the refrain and answered with one joyful acclaim, "Christ is risen!" He gathered all his strength, for he still felt a strange weakness, and made his way to the bench. The keys looked like a white board; he could not distinguish one from

another—yet he could play the service with his eyes closed. With the first soft roll of the organ his strength, and it seemed like his youth, returned. Below he could hear the mellow voice of old Father Joseph intoning the prayers, and the heavy, guttural responses of the brothers. How those discordant tones grated on his ear! How unsuited they seemed to the praise of God! He had hoped to hear these praises from angels' voices long before this.

The service is ended, but Father John has not stopped playing. "How well he plays!" "Father John has never played so well," say the brothers, as he turns into the exultant strains of the Gloria. They stand transfixed while the old man, with eyes raised toward Heaven and with countenance almost glorified, passes his fingers swiftly back and forth over the keys.

The music, at times soft and low, then loud and tempestuous, but always happy and triumphant, is finished; but the old organist does not move. For a moment his hands rest on the keyboard, his eyes are still turned heavenward. Now he has fallen forward with his face upon the keys he so well loved to touch in the glory of his Master. "Father John has fainted!" the brothers say as they hasten up the creaking stairs to the organ-loft.

But Father John has not fainted; he has only thrown aside his haunting memories to realize his sweetest hopes.

MY CHRONOLOGY.

WHAT matters it how old the earth,
Or when its ancient life began!
Earth is but earth, and man is man;
A world begins at every birth.

I have a system all apart
From any other that may be,
Because the world began for me
When, dearest, I first gained your heart.

Ellis Parker Butler.

HENRIK IBSEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE AGE.

BY IDA CORVINUS.

LIGHT, more light," sighed Goethe; "Light, more light," sighs the age. But the age shuts its eyes to the light. Light as truth—and what is light but truth? Light hurts when we are not accustomed to it. In darkness we long for light. Light comes and we are afraid to look at it. We will have to train ourselves for it.

In the wrong we call for truth, but after a while we begin to feel at home in the situation. We listen to pretended truth-tellers of the age; lull conscience to sleep; truth comes and we do not adopt it.

"There we stand and listen to investigator and philosopher, and touch the thing with silk gloves. There we go and



From Photo in the Aldrich Collection, Iowa Historical Department.

HENRIK IBSEN.

dream, and know not of deed to fail or succeed. When comes and arouses us the spirit of the century with the motto of the century?" He has felt, the man who wrote thus,—I have quoted it literally, and I make the English translator of Ibsen an apology,—that there is a general tendency in the age to move along the "*cul de sac*." He knows it will end with running the head against the wall—and then?—blank, self-surrendering despair and suicide—suicide, this monster of the age, that follows the unhappy as a servant ready to receive his mantle.

He has heard the questions and quarrels, the whispers and prayers, the sighs and the cries of the age. He has seen the falseness and the wilderness. He speaks—becomes the interpreter of the age.

Who is, then, this interpreter of the age? A giant of body, a giant of spirit, a seer, a prophet, a reformer missioning for truth. Precise and clear-cut, but with proportions so far above the common measure! And he is conscious of it, as is every really great spirit—and conscious of his responsibilities.

It is not the broad, sunshiny way of life he has chosen. He goes faithfully along the narrow ways, where difficulties darken. He goes there because he feels it is his mission. He does not pretend to be a leader—he never addressed you in a leader's terms. He swings the torchlight over the dark places that you may see the truth. He takes the lesson as it is taught him on his way, investigates, thinks, speaks!

His words are daring as truth, strong and powerful as a thunder-shower, drawing and attracting as the mysticism of nature, inspiring as a noble soul-struggle, depressing as despair, queer, obscure, enigmatical as the laws of nature—with a certain tendency to arrogance, sometimes even as if scorning.

Is Ibsen a genius? What is genius? Underlying thought-life is a world of feelings—feelings we all do have at times, but are unable to give being save in instantaneous movements and inarticulate exclamations.

In Homer, Virgil, Danté, Shakspeare, we experience meetings with feelings which are so known to us and which we so intensively crave to have in common with someone around us; but the lack of power to express them makes them so painfully our own—and there they stand before us with a simplicity of expression so soul-stirring, so rich! Our cheeks blush, our eyes sparkle, it becomes difficult to draw a deep breath.—Room!—Room! The glow of enthusiasm is over us, warming the heart with love for man, thanks for life, longings for perfectness.

Is Ibsen a genius? In this, the real, great sense of the word, decidedly, no.

Ibsen does not write for the many. It needs training to understand him. There is a force in Ibsen's works translated into English—they come more easily home to the mind. To all the Northern languages, but especially to the Norwegian and the Russian, is attached a string which can only be played upon and understood by the few. It is mystical and powerful as the romance of a Northern winter evening, with sudden flash of Northern light too short for the untrained eye. Ibsen plays this string, however, not as much as he did. In his style we feel a soul of thought,—one thought killing another, bearing a new, with a quickness which makes him write pages in sentences. The reader of Ibsen must be sharp to catch a greeting from all the thought. This is necessary, not only to save the harmony, but later on he may meet in deed or at a crisis one of these thoughts underlying the structure. Ibsen has too little sympathy, too much pity, to write for the many—he is too apt to measure after his own measure; and yet, he knows this measure to be above the common, yet he wishes to come with light for the lives of the many. But?—

There is a troll* in his own nature. Listen to his heart-sigh!—again I must make my apology to the translator for my literalness: "To live is to struggle with

*"Troll" (Anglicized "troll") is a mythic being with superhuman power, which is used in the service of evil in man: the mysterious, hidden, evil-working spirit.

trolls in heart and in brain ; to write, that is to keep doomsday over one's self."

It is said about Ibsen that he shows the faults of the age without suggesting the healing of them.

First : He is not the one to tell them, he, the struggler for the individual conscience ; it would be to contradict his own aims.

Secondly : Just here lies Ibsen's greatness. He tells as much as he thinks will be a help, but has courage to stop when he feels he can help no longer. Then he thinks the time has come to leave you and your conscience alone.

But is it not a giant step forward to know our faults? As long as we do not know them we cannot correct them. When we know them it is our duty to begin our work against them or to train ourselves for the work. This training, it is true, Ibsen does not take any part in ; he leaves that to higher powers.

Ibsen is a strong believer in thinking things over alone—not going off in a corner—no : to stand alone with one's self in the whirl of man and nature. To stand alone is to him to stand on the summit of strength. He longs for men and women who are men and women from head to foot. "Light over the land" is what Ibsen wishes, and for that we need men and women who dare to stand alone—not drown their individuality in public opinion and conventionality, and hasten through life on the surface, but probe deeply into their own breasts to see what they shelter.

Especially has Ibsen made himself a struggler for woman. "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," said Napoleon, and Ibsen is with him. He believes if we only get true women we will also have true men. He let's Niels Lykke, in "Lady Inger of Ostrot," say :

"This I believe: a woman is the mightiest power in the world, and in her hand it lies to guide a man whither God Almighty would have him go."

I think every woman-heart must throb with joy and pride over Ibsen's woman characters. It is as well as hearing him

say, "I respect you, I love you, I have faith in you." Especially ought every Northland woman to feel deeply thankful to Ibsen. He does not wish her to lose what from ancient time was her privilege,—man's high respect. It was the giant from the North who taught to the knight of the South esteem for woman.

Back to old times in this ! No woman spending her time devouring erotic novels to compensate for what her soul craves, but does not receive,—no woman busying herself around the house with that quiet, straight smile which draws the mouth down—no bitter-sour spinsters exciting themselves with wild fanaticism over church matters—no, no ! Individual freedom for the woman is the point Ibsen always hints at ; but he wishes woman to obtain it herself, that he can respect her. Hear what he lets Nora, in "A Doll's House," say to her husband after the catastrophe has come. I give it quite extensively, not trying to give my frail outlines of Ibsen's view of woman and marriage,—viz., the analysis of society—when he himself has summed it all up in this dialogue. This time I do not give the translator my apologies, but my thanks.

Nora : During eight whole years and more—ever since we first met—we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer : Why, my dear Nora ! what have you to do with serious things ?

Nora : There we have it ! You have never understood me, Torvald. You settled everything according to your taste, and I got the same tastes as you, or I pretended to—I don't know which—both ways, perhaps. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and Father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted. Our house has been nothing but play-room. Here have I been your doll-wife, just as at home I used to be Papa's doll-child. And the children in their turn have been my dolls. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

And later on—Helmer has just shown himself in all his paltriness and also told Nora he dare not trust the children's education to her any longer—

Nora : You are perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There is another

to be solved first. I must educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone, and that is why I am now leaving you.

Helmer: To forsake your home, your husband and your children! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora: I can pay no heed to that.

Helmer: It's exasperating! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

Nora: What do you call my holiest duties?

Helmer: Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and children.

Nora: I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer: Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora: My duties toward myself.

Helmer: Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora: That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are—or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say and what is in books. I must think things out for myself and try to get clear about them.

Helmer: You talk like a silly child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora: No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right—society or I.

And further:

Helmer: I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora, bear sorrow and want for your sake; but no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

Nora: Millions of women have done so.

Helmer: Oh, you think and talk like a silly child!

Nora: Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over—not for me, but for yourself—when there was nothing more to fear—then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll, whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile. [Stands up.] Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man and had borne him three children,—Oh, I can't bear to think of it—I could tear myself to pieces.

When Helmer later asks Nora what must happen before they could again live together, Nora answers:

We must so change that communion between us shall be a marriage.

Is it to be wondered at that Ibsen in Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, in the later years (Ibsen did not use to converse much with women) is seen surrounded by a circle of women? He feels at home with them, and they look up to him as the understanding interpreter of woman-life and aspiration. Stockholm, which sparkled with such women as Sonya Kovalevsky and Anna Charlotte Leffler, was his great attraction, and everywhere there—in the theaters, in the literary salons, in the club—was he accompanied by an assembly of women with these two women as chiefs. What glorious memories! Sonya Kovalevsky and Anna Charlotte Leffler are both behind the horizon, and Ibsen, it is true, stands yet as a giant defying death, but he is almost seventy. The dread of losing him is so absorbing that it visits one whenever he is in one's thoughts, his name said or read—this peculiar magnetic power which the frightful, the dangerous, has over one's mind—one must play with it!

It is said by the people who do not understand him because they will not, who only hear the crack of the revolver, and the splash of the water closing after ship-wrecked souls, that Ibsen stirs up society and kills the peace of mind. Yes, indeed, Ibsen stirs up society, and he never becomes fatigued either. Nothing between heaven and earth exists that he does not enter into relations with, if he pleases. He is a constant thunder, all the time making some rumbling over what he meets in the dense regions where he resides—and finally giving vent in a thunder-clap. Consequently much peace of mind is lost—and blessed loss! for thus do we come nearer our ideal,—“To make every man in the country a nobleman,” as Ibsen says in “Rosmersholm.”

Ibsen favors the young; he treats them as comrades. There is no stooping down to lift them up—he is as the magnet, which draws with irresistible power. He makes them, without tedious moral sermons, without toil on either side, from

mere youths of undecided color into men and women with enthusiasm. That life-weariness and "turned heads" is said to creep into the circle of the young whom opponents term "Ibsenites,"—which term is entirely out of place, as Ibsen never undertook leadership. To this charge I shall say nothing, but that life teaches us everywhere that struggle, defeat and blood is the way to victory—any victory—tell me one exception!

Finally, I can say that, in the young circle who come in personal contact with Ibsen, I have seen a gathering of young men and women who would stir up all Northland with enthusiasm if they were only allowed, who would sing life and responsibilities into life-tired souls, who would let in broad daylight over the false and hidden in society as Lona does it in "Pillars of Society." But these young men and women are, by the conservative party in Northland, regarded as fanatical enthusiasts, as astray. Old school professors, withered philosophers, moth-eaten spinsters, simply turn their eyes in silent indignation over these "fallen elements." However, "the fallen" are in desperate earnest,—therefore they sing while they fight.

But in his circles we meet distinctly with Ibsen's intellectual aristocracy, his worshiping of genius. To gain entrance to his personal surroundings, brain is the sole introducer. All his acquaintances are persons with intellectual gifts, at least what Ibsen considers so. Without this contribution it is absolutely impossible to be enrolled among his constant circle, no matter if you are a prince or princess. Ibsen values his acquaintances by the amount of brain they possess—need I add, that straightforwardness is a necessary fundament in character in Ibsen's estimation?

While at a reception or party and among people with whom everyday life brings him into contact, Ibsen is amiable, at times even witty; he is not winning. When analyzed, his amiability is rather his extreme politeness, which is a hereditary thing in Northland. He is never

condescending—he would despise that—he masters himself or he shows his feelings openly in being chary of words.

I have often seen a pitying expression on his face when people who were penetrated by their own and others' narrowness echoed opinions of Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So. Pity on Ibsen's face is crushing. I once saw it directed toward myself, and if one has a shade of self-love, a repetition is shunned with desperate care. That point I am clear upon, that all the encouraging glances—and a soul of encouragement can peep out from his eyes—and friendly words which Ibsen since then has bestowed upon me could not take away the impression of that one look.

It was after an evening in the theater. We were going home in an omnibus. Opposite us sat a young man who had made himself a slave to the style of the day: to let his finger-nails grow and then shape them as an eagle-beak,—a style indicating a street runner or anything where hands are superfluous. He pulled forth his pink silk handkerchief, strongly perfumed with patchouli. His nails became entangled in the silk and pulled out threads with every movement. He was less master over his fingers than I probably would have been. My neighbor—one of Ibsen's favorites, a young lieutenant and a humorous writer—and I began to laugh so that we aroused attention, and finally everyone was half suffocated by suppressed laughter—all except Ibsen and the energetic struggler, who managed to free his one hand, pull the bell-rope and step out—I am not the least inclined to think that it was his house number which caused him to go. Soon as he was gone the suppressed laughter broke out.

Ibsen raised his eyes from his theater program, which he had commenced studying in disgust, and asked us, "Why do you laugh?"

"It was so funny," answered I. Ibsen looked at me with a face so frozen with contempt that I feel as if I were being dissected alive when I think of it.

"I think it is sad," he said. If the Flying Dutchman had suddenly appeared,

foretelling every one his death within the next twenty minutes, it could not have caused quicker change upon the faces in the car. No one, except his five companions, knew it was the great Ibsen who sat there.

Ibsen has with the years become less satirical, more sarcastic in his conversation. I have often wondered if this sarcasm had some bitterness for its foundation. Sighs, such as the following, called out my suspicion :

"The present is not worth so much as a shoe-sole.

"All faithless and marrowless, the doings of men.

"Their souls have no wings, and their deeds no weight."

Then, again, I have felt that Ibsen is above bitterness. So far even goes Ibsen's intellectual aristocracy that he only bestows his sarcasms freely upon those he regards as his equals. The gray mass of "ordinary people" are to him symbolizing "What is going on,"—"People say," etc., and he looks upon them somewhat from the corners of his eyes. But the peasant class, these free-born, life-fresh children of the soil, and the fishers at Norway's fjords, these people penetrated with nature's breadth, have his deepest estimation. A chat with the peasant in the field, running his plough as deep as Northland soil permits; with the young lads and girls driving their cattle to "sätters" (pastures in the highland); with the ferryman; with the spinning grandmother; telling sagas of kings and vikings and knights and peasants to listening youngsters, is a royal pleasure to him, and so it is to them. These people, however, would not, as a rule, understand or enjoy his books, except maybe his historical dramas of the Northern past. Would he answer them as he answered some of us who, in an hour of confidential conversation around the afternoon tea, grasped the opportunity and asked him to explain a feature of "Pér Gynt" :

"If you do not understand it yourself, you never will through my explanation."

There is much in this answer, but it is just the same, stone for bread.

Is it lack of understanding, or of patience, or of both? Solve the riddle who can, for I dare not. If it were not for this troll, Ibsen would be a genius in its broadest sense.

In one thing, however, is Ibsen a genius, over-sparkling all that dramatic literature has ever known—in his power, so to speak, to infuse the spirit of the persons into their lifeless surroundings. He can tell a whole tale, a whole tragedy, with a door, a slight indication or a movement. Long after one has forgotten the words with which Nora, in "A Doll's House," leaves her home, does the creak of that fatal door linger in one's ear—rather—the effect of the door is so awful, so soul-stirring, that we forget the words said. Yet the whole is so simple! That Nora, after having left the drawing-room, must go down the stairs and out of the hall door in order to leave the house! "Why, that is the natural consequence," says the reader. That is just it! It is so simple that we do not pay attention to it. Simple things and simple truth are so rare in our busy, superficial life, that they strike us as art or sensation when our attention is aroused toward them. The actress would never have thought of playing further. When she had left the stage the curtain would have fallen, leaving us to think a while of the tragic end. We might thus lull our feelings to sleep, thinking that Nora perhaps some day would return to her home—just as we read it in fancy novels. Ibsen, however, wishes to stamp it on our minds that we do not play to please feelings here, nor do we jest with consequences and circumstances,—this is life-earnest. Therefore, he concludes "A Doll's House" with this indication: "From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door, closing." Years after, one has "A Doll's House" summed up in that reverberation, telling the tragedy of two souls.

One thing is beyond doubt,—therefore must the age now hail him,—Henrik Ibsen has not "set at defiance his life's de-

sign"; he has been himself with honor. He has burned his ships, broken all bridges behind—then fought—a hard fight, too.

His way was blocked with stones, but he did away with them, and when he could not do that he walked *over* them, —never *around*. He often lost hopes and ideals and friends, but never himself —that is victory.

"If you gained the whole wide world, but lost yourself, your gain were but a garland on a cloven skull," sang Ibsen in 1867, but he has thought it a life through.

Ibsen never believed it his mission in literature to tell what to do. "It is my mission to question, not to answer," he has said. He has done this in throwing light on things, and has shown them to us with the underlying question, "What do you mean by all this; what if we did away with it all?"

When we sum all up, we will find that his contribution was: *Light*—and we will also find that he has been Ibsen with honor.

It will soon be two years since I last saw Ibsen. It was in Christiania, where the ship that was to bring me to America stopped a few days. An inner voice suggested to me that it would be the last meeting—and miserable was it. I was wrapped in that stupid air always surrounding the half-controlled in presence of the superior mind that quietly sees through the clouds—and especially when, as in this case, you feel yourself an object of pity; for Ibsen did not give me any sympathy. One dare not, in such a case, look very often in his face, for there stand the words: "How small you are! Have you not the courage to show yourself as you are?" I felt icy when I again stood on the street. Such should this last memory of Ibsen be!—it was not to be the last, however.

The next day, when I was sleighing around the city to throw a last glance over places from which memory would send me greeting, I stopped on "Slotsbakken" (castle-hill), which is the culmina-

tion of life in winter. All streets and paths leading down are then only for sleighs, "ski," snow-shoes and ice-hilling. Woe to him who ventures here without being in communion with any of these articles, or at least a reliable stick!

One enjoys from here a vast view. I saw distant hills glittering in frosty snow—a tint affected by the setting sun, just enough to take away the iciness—the fjord below as blue as only a northland frost-sky can produce—firs and birches in wintry freshness—but above all the people! Tall and slender as the fir on northern declivities, flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked, eyes sparkling with confidence and joy of life, laughing, singing with voices which would make their melodious little sleigh-bells blush with shame, if they knew how to blush. The Norwegian flag is on the top of the castle, for the King is in town these days, attending the opening of "Storthinget" (the national congress). Bits of national songs and children-rhymes sound everywhere, for life is song here, where romance lies in the air.

Suddenly the guard at the castle entrance plays Björnson's "*Ja, vi elsker dette Landet*" (Yes, we love this country, as it doth appear)—and all voices are united in one, all eyes are turned toward the castle. The king has returned. After having mounted the stairs, he turns around, looks out over his cheering subjects with happy pride. Well has he reason to be proud. To be king over such a people, looking as a greeting from Hygieya herself! There is race in them. Blood of these sturdy vikings and Norsemen of old time must still run in their veins. Such a moment must for long time lighten the heaviness of a crown.

A sudden regret came over me. Put an Atlantic Ocean between me and this country! Alas, one does not breathe enthusiasm every day!

I lift my head to take leave of this country as it lies before me, glittering, glowing in the setting sun. There in front of my sleigh with back toward me stands a figure that I should know among

thousands—rather short, but giant-cut. The way he stands, the way he handles his stick, the air around him—everything shows a superior character. He takes his hat off profoundly, as the King recognizes him. The setting sun weaves evening-red gold, glowing of warmth, around his gray-haired, monumental head as he stands there on the upmost top of the hill, head and shoulders above every one else.

This was the last memory I would take with me of Ibsen, and I gathered the reins, a little mechanically, for I was yet

dizzy with the glorious spectacle and my thoughts were not at home.

Suddenly he turned around; but so did I, and with such quickness that my little horse, caught unaware, stumbled and broke a strap. However, once upon its feet again, it ran as if it never would stop. Every one looked wondering at my extra hurry, but what did I care!—I had seen the Author King, the Truth-Teller of the age, inwoven in golden glory in the Land of the Midnight Sun, the land of his cradle and of his heart—and so I would leave him.



GRUMBLING REALISTS AND GREAT STORY-TELLERS.

BY GEORGE MERRIAM HYDE.

IT HAS been soberly proposed that no one actually engaged in the field of original literature be permitted to criticize the works of others. But for its facial absurdity, such a stricture would be mischievous, in that it had deprived us of a whole batch of delectable half-truths delivered by the late Professor Boyesen and by Mr. Hamlin Garland, the chips from whose workshops were ever pitchy enough to burn brightly and sometimes explosively. Anything fresh and suggestive on the time-worn yet open question of Realism versus Romanticism, or any inspired strain of literary prophecy or new balancing of the merits of New York and Chicago as literary centers, is doubly welcome from such a source. The public, doubtless, has learned the folly of expecting a full and candid presentation of these vexed questions from any one man, and has long since discovered that every writer of distinct originality, and every artist for that matter, is likely to be a crank in his own sphere, or at least must be regarded as an attorney pleading his own cause. Yet it is so easy to be caught by a captious or immoral criticism that one who perceives its

captiousness or immorality could wish fervently there were a Lowell, or an American Birrell even, to point it out. An interested and anxious spectator, he wonders if Longfellow had not the critics in mind when he wrote: "But for such men as these a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out forever."

The very titles, "The Great Realists and the Empty Story-tellers," and "Crumbly Idols," have a dogmatic tinge which precludes the possibility of candid criticism. It is only too plain that the one writer was a purblind realist and the other is an iconoclast with hammer uplifted. The resulting half-truths, however, are less the product of prejudice and sensationalism than of the application of a narrow or false standard to the questions in consideration. Professor Boyesen, in his article, was a fierce utilitarian and materialist who tacitly assumed that all reading and teaching should be directed toward the one end, worldly success. He would not have said, with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner (whom he confessed he didn't understand), that "to lead interesting lives is

altogether the most important worldly thing in this earthly sojourn." He measured all literature by "*Cui bono?*" and exulted to find his pet aversion, romance, seriously lacking. With these premises, of course he did; and such demonstrations of joy were unseemly. Does the ostrich rejoice when he buries his head in the sand of his own heaping, or the cuttle-fish pride itself on its vision when enveloped in the black flood of its own ink? As for Mr. Garland, who, with the effrontery of a Blaine, waves the "bloody shirt" of gratuitous dissension between the West and the East in all matters of literature and art and (we suspect) life, it is plain that he subordinates writing to geography, as when Mr. Brander Matthews roundly scolded Miss Agnes Repplier for quoting more largely from British authors than from American. Mr. Matthews received "medicine" (to which he is so little addicted) from Mr. Augustine Birrell, whose words may as well be applied to the provincial pettiness and sectional prejudices of Mr. Garland. "It is a weak point," he said, "in certain American writers of the 'patriotic school' to be forever dragging in and puffing the native article, just because it is native, and for no other reason whatever." "The boundaries are hopelessly confused, and it is far too late [for Mr. Hamlin Garland] to come upon the scene with chalk and tape and try to mark us off into rival camps." What reader cares a rap, or ever can care, whether what he reads emanates from the East or the West, whether its "color" is local or cosmopolitan, whether it is criticized by a Chicagoan or a New Yorker, as long as that criticism has the genuine ring, and that writing is truthful and inspiring?

Both this question, how best to foster a national literature, and the other, "What think ye of romanticism?" are hopelessly unanswerable, unless the authors and critics who are "ragging" at one another find some common ground out of which a *via media* may be carved—which is nearer the truth always. One will breathe more freely who shall force himself out

of dogmatic quagmires and seek high refuge again in the gospel according to Augustine Birrell: "The first thing for people to be taught is to enjoy great things greatly." This is not plenarily inspired, of course, and can decide nothing, though we suspect that the solution of these knotty problems will be along the path of such breadth and catholicity.

Personally, we may be pleased to find that Professor Boyesen's list of favorite authors coincided precisely with our own. Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Howells, Tourguénieff, Ibsen, Tolstoi, George Eliot, Thackeray,—these names all carry weight and an irresistible attractiveness. But it was Thackeray himself who said: "If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which *boys* would relish." And Professor Boyesen dared to speak sneeringly of present day romancers, Weyman, Crockett, Crawford, and the rest. "I have no quarrel with the mere purveyors of juvenile entertainment." They are "all ephemeral creatures whose writings are of minor consequence." He "yielded to no one in admiring Stevenson," yet elsewhere perpetrated the following: "How utterly flimsy and juvenile romantic fiction, such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battle, murder and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and sickening atrocities, and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions appear to me,"—in comparison with Tolstoi, of course. He would have had us abjure these authors, and even Dumas *pere*, and Scott, and soak in realism; because, forsooth, "all education should be primarily directed toward securing as intimate acquaintance as possible with one's environment." And "as the world is now constituted, the little margin of superiority by which a man secures survival and success is so narrow, that the very smallest advantage gained or squandered may be decisive as to his whole career." This is the climax of utilitarianism, and could never, to our mind, make a well-rounded, well-balanced

man or woman. In education, such a policy would, we believe, produce a race of prosaic, earth-born creatures, deprived of the last spark of idealism, the last touch of distinction. It is important that children of whatever growth develop their imagination and be able to see

"The light which never was on sea or land.
The consecration and the Poet's dream."

Far better this than to have to see things exactly as they are, and admit with Dryden :

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit."

As in Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns" there brood over the scene, all but invisible, angelic forms, divine visions, in which are to be found the secret and significance of the confused struggle below, so many a man will find refreshment and inspiration in the romantic illusions of his early reading, in the heroes and heroines and even fairies that meant so much to him. After all, the decrier of romance is usually a Malvolio who, content with his own virtuous meal, declares there shall be no more cakes or ale; or, as Professor Boyesen put it, no more "canvas-back, terrapin and champagne." He would have the world diet unceasingly on "porridge and red herring." Allowing generously for the ethical and social benefits attaching to a close study of Ibsen and Tolstoi, we believe that Scott, Dumas *pere*, yes, and Alexander Salvini, are valuable adjuncts to American life, especially in these distressful times; and that so far from being "mere purveyors of amusement," they afford a healthy stimulus to the imagination, and an agreeable background to the dull, grinding realities that are all about us. Because Mr. Howells is a realist, Professor Boyesen named him as one of the writers "who make people think"; because Mr. Crawford is a romancer, he was "merely a purveyor of amusement"! A subject for investigation, *en passant*, is how many American daughters "despise the democracy which their fathers founded, and dream of baronial castles, parks, and coronets, and a marriage with a British

peer," because—of "the feudal ideal" inculcated by Scott's novels!

Mr. Garland's animadversions* on romanticism have the diverting merit of extreme frankness. He gives us his "personal word," with the pathetic look of Atlas, that his little book is "a series of suggestions." Calling himself a "veritist," he is "occupied in stating his sincere convictions, believing that only in that way is the cause of truth advanced." "I am a Western man; my hopes and ambitions for the West arise from absolute knowledge," etc. With these protestations to illumine the neat rivulet of text through its meadows of margin, and with the help of many italics and an occasional "this must always be remembered," the reader will perforce believe that, even if he cannot shake off the god, the author is serious in asserting that "the people can never be educated to love Shakspeare and Homer"; that "Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Dante, Milton, are fading into mere names"; that romanticism was justifiable in great figures like Scott and Hugo merely because it "reflected their rebellion against the old"; that the hope of the West lies likewise in scorning the past, in maintaining a proud, unwashed independence of the East and London, in local color, local magazines, and, so far as canvas is concerned, in banishing from all Western pictures "sirens and cherubs" and "floating iron chains"!

Again we vainly stifle the cry, "O patriotism! what follies are committed in thy name!" As if geographical lines could thus be applied to art and literature! Think of the sacrifice, of the degradation. Are all Western painters to confine themselves to golden grain and purple shadows because they happen to live in the West? Are they to spurn studies of mythology, and their brother writers to discard all models, even Shakspeare, because they are Western born and bred? On whose authority, pray, does Mr. Garland declare that "Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Dante, Milton, are fading

*The volume, "Crumbling Idols."

away into mere names"? Other Western people, who brag not of their "absolute knowledge," are still occupied with these authors, and in large numbers. The people will always find delight and inspiration, as will also the best writers and especially critics, in the treasure-house of classic literature; and be broadly conservative and wisely liberal in accepting the latest author. Shakspeare is not a book, but human life. His characters still live and, so long as life kindles life, will be loved. "What royal faces of monarchs, proud with power, or pallid with anguish! What sweet, imperial women, gleeful with happy youth and love! The mournful eyes of Hamlet; the wild countenance of Lear; Ariel with his harp, and Prospero with his wand!" No: Shakspeare has more vitality to-day than all Mr. Garland's new gods together.

There is so much of good in "Crumbling Idols" that we cannot bear to see its author ruthlessly "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Why must he decry Shakspeare and the romancers to give their due meed of praise to Ibsen and Tolstoi? If he had contented himself with the candor of Mr. John Burroughs, who not long ago said that Ibsen and Tolstoi and Whitman were "deeply grounded in reality," and had merely asserted that "the first honors always belong to him who can deal competently, masterfully with the types and forces of his own day and generation," or if he had enjoined on his fellow-writers, in Lowellian phrase, "to treat To-day as if it were as good as Yesterday," his words would have the weight they deserve. As it is, he overstates everything;

burns down the barn to get rid of a rat. And having thus cleared the ground for the "local novel," he continues his rampage against the romantic, and even the picturesque, which shall be excluded—"all will be familiar." Which is as reassuring as it is lucid.

There are indications that Mr. Garland has gone wide of the mark if this is what he thinks the people of the West wish solely to read. The traveling sketches of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and M. Alphonse Daudet's *Tartarin Sur les Alpes*, the stories of Messrs. Weyman, Doyle, Hawkins and Hall Caine are called for at the public libraries of Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Louis with a frequency and zest that are significant, apart from "the times." The fact is, Western people, like most other people, get sick and tired of their own lives and will reward generously any novelist, without regard to school or birth-place, who can lure them to self-forgetfulness. Least of all, perhaps, do they love the realist who transfers to paper for their inspection all their own bad table-manners, and vulgar expletives, and awkwardnesses, and blues. For "realism" they are glad to return to Thackeray and George Eliot who, for the most part, have the "knack of pleasing," and of seeing the bright side of life, and the best there is in a person. Stevenson expressed more than his own "private sentiments" when he said, "I don't want the smoke and smell of the lantern. I only want to feel its warmth near my heart, and to flash its rays of light into the darkness now and then."

TRANSFORMATION.

A WHITE-SOULED woman touched me with her lips,
And I, the red rose, that but yesternight
Blushed at the siren's kiss, threw off my shame
And nestled on her heart, a rose all white!

Florence A. Jones.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

THE Spirit of the Age! This is the ambitious and comprehensive subject I am asked to write upon. And I opine that only a prophet or a seer might venture to describe the diffusive and elusive quality that gives character to his time—the character by which that time shall be known to the remote, dispassionate future. For the future is our judge, not the present.

The spirit of the age is a matter of feeling, of intuition, rather than description. And to feel it truly one must lift himself out of his individual environment and not mistake his own small personal aims and purposes for the universal aspiration. Neither must he adopt one particular view point, looking only toward one particular phase of life, and draw general conclusions from narrow premises. He must take the consensus of the world's thought and motives and activities, and try to learn from these—all of these—what sort of product will eventually result from our particular kind of human gardening.

A thousand years from now a word will describe our time, this wonderfully varied, teeming, busy, tremendous epoch! And what shall that word be? You shall not say, I shall not say, nor our country, nor our continent, but the whole world. For the remotest nations have caught this curious "spirit of the age," of which we are all sufficiently conscious, but which evades, now, the single definition into which all its prodigious energies will finally be compressed.

I am glad it is a question of universal suffrage, and not a matter delegated to an individual or a class; otherwise we would be liable to go down to posterity grotesquely caricatured. For we have some very powerful classes, some very masterful individuals who might carry the day against the masses and grossly

slander us,—a clique of conscienceless millionaires, for instance, who would decree money to be the king of our time. Or a pessimistic Nordau who would write *Degeneracy* upon the closing decade of the Nineteenth Century!

Let us be thankful that democracy is nature's principle of government, and that we each have our little share in the making of history, our infinitesimal particle of power and influence.

The spirit of the age is not centered in any particular caste, it is not working in any particular line; neither art nor science, nor industry nor wealth can claim it. It may be compared in a way to the life principle in the vegetable world; it is that which prompts all energy, which gives force and direction to the activities of men. We, who take our motive power from this spirit, can only guess whither we are tending—no, guess is too vague a term; calculate is better. We have data, let us examine it and try to find a clue.

Let us see in a general way what the people are doing all over the world, and try to understand why they are doing it. We might begin at home. It is fair to suppose that we, like all the rest of the world, are pervaded by the spirit of the age—this subtle something whose small but insistent voice speaks in our desires and our efforts.

What are *we* doing, and why are we doing it? We are very busy, O, we are pressed for time! *More time!* is the universal cry. Once people talked about being *ennuied*. Now you never hear the word. Somebody has set the pace so fast that one can hardly keep up. The heart grows sick and faint as the days, the years, whirl by and so much is left undone, so much that we wish to do or that we ought to do.

Both inclination and duty beckon us a hundred ways at once. We want not only

to do but to know so much. The world's insane desire to accumulate money is shading off into an almost equally insane desire to accumulate knowledge,—knowledge of countries, of peoples past and present, of science and art and languages and occult mysteries. We are gathering in, gathering in, availing ourselves of every means of self-enlightenment,—books and travel and clubs and organizations of every sort that may tend toward the enlarging of our minds and the improvement of our manners. For we desire an all-round culture. We do not run to one thing but to many things. This is why it is especially difficult to describe the spirit of our age. It is so varied, so many-sided, and apparently so contradictory in its different phases. And yet not more contradictory than nature herself, who permits the thistle and the rose to spring from the same bit of soil.

We are living in a time of excessive energy, of teeming thought, of rapid action. The imprint of haste is stamped upon everything—of haste but not, let us say, of shiftless hurry. For there is a marvelous accuracy and perfectness in the things that are done to day, from the taking of a photograph to the making of a ship. Thoreau says that the result of much living is the learning to do some one thing a little better. It seems to me that in every department of industry people are learning to do things a little better. Life opens before us each day to finer issues, and it is a joy to live in peace and freedom and in touch with all the busy thinking world. The spirit of this age is in fact a rather worldly spirit,—that is, it concerns itself very much with the affairs of this one planet and this one little span of life. It is no longer an evidence of holiness for an individual to withdraw himself from the life of this world in order to contemplate and to prepare himself for the next. The present age would vote such an individual a coward and an egotist.

True, we have our Society for Psychical Research, and much energy is focused upon the mystical curtain which divides

the seen from the unseen. But the object is not narrowed down to mere self-interest; the intention is to add to the general store of knowledge, to open the way for all mankind to higher regions of life. The final result will be the enriching of this world, which for the present is our temple and our home. How absorbing and how interesting it is—as we become acquainted with it and with its infinite resources—our busy eager lives abundantly testify.

Some centuries ago people could not have had very many sensations aside from love of country and friends, hatred of tyrants and foes, and delight in art, architecture and athletics; because their "correspondences," as Drummond calls our relations to things outside of ourselves, were comparatively few.

During this last half-century a thousand sleeping strings in the human soul have been keyed up to the vibrating pitch. Even to watch a youth flying along the road on a bicycle awakens emotions our forefathers never dreamed of! And to pick up the morning paper and read a cable dispatch from Europe or India extends our mental horizon to world-wide limits.

If knowledge is power, it is also sympathy. I speak of knowledge in the sense of consciousness. The world to-day is supremely conscious; with time and distance annihilated by steam and electricity, nothing is remote. If a poet, a philanthropist, a king is dying, the whole world waits breathlessly at his bedside. If a victory is won over wrong or injustice the whole world rejoices. Our interest is in things vital and human. Though we are all intensely bent upon self-development—women perhaps more than men—there is a strong fellowship feeling growing up all over the world. Perhaps we are beginning to recognize the principle that the good of the masses is finally the good of the individual. If we build up our community we ourselves are built up; so with our State, our Nation,—so with the whole world. We realize the value of union, of combined

effort. Was there ever before a time when philanthropy stretched out so potent an arm to the suffering, the poor, the famine stricken?

This present time is accused of superficiality, of frivolity, even; and this charge is due to the fact that energy is diverted into so many channels. Hardly anyone now sees fit to concentrate his whole life upon a single idea. The world offers too many attractions and suggests too many responsibilities even to the artist, the poet. Genius no longer exempts a man from the common duties of life, or from the common rules of conduct. A man, no matter what else he may be, must be a gentleman, must dress and behave himself like other men. To be singular and erratic is bad form. And so, a little of the energy of each one, whether imposing or obscure, goes into the pleasant amenities of social life. Things are leveling down and leveling up to the grand plane of democracy. We no longer stand abashed in the presence of the great, or feel contempt for the humble; because with both we now have points of contact, toward both we experience sentiments of fraternity.

The disaffected are crying out in loud lamentation that the present age is degenerating in certain important lines, such as literature and art. Perhaps we shall have to grant this; perhaps these splendid growths have ripened and are scattering their seeds, and we shall have to wait a little while until the new crop springs up. But meantime we are not idle, we find plenty to do; we are enjoying and studying life at first hand rather than through the novelist's pen,—and we find it immensely interesting. And we are flitting about hither and thither, viewing actual landscape and meeting actual people, and filled to the brim with wonder at the stupendous mechanical achievements of modern hands and brains.

Must the world always travel in one groove and pour all its enthusiasms into one channel? No, we find life—real, pulsing, throbbing, breathing life—more entertaining and more important than art

in any form. Truly we have but little time for the worship of ideals. The art, the genius which allies itself with our common daily needs, our comforts, our enjoyments, is the most dear to us. We claim the beautiful as a part of our daily bread.

If we do not travel about, ourselves, the writing tourists familiarize us with everything at home and abroad, in royal society, in the hamlet and in the jungle. The camera has given us a panorama of the whole world and all its peoples. We may say that tourists' dilettant letters are not literature, and photography is not art. But they are the next thing to reality; and our imagination, which we have diligently cultivated under the poets and painters of an older school, can supply color and atmosphere and fine significance.

Critics complain that a Du Maurier has taken the place of a Thackeray, a Victor Hugo; that an Ibsen is seated upon Shakspeare's throne, and that the impressionist painters are wearing the laurels that once belonged to the Old Masters.

It may be that we do not take art and literature as seriously as they were wont to be taken in former times. Perhaps we do not need to; life finds expression in so many other ways. We know pretty well what fine writing is, for we have not destroyed the best models; and so we can afford to pass over the crudities of the author of *Trilby*, and take his work for its intention, its entertainment, its delightful transcript of life and character.

If an impressionist can with a few strokes of the brush clothe a thought and convey an impression that we may catch in passing, what more can we ask? In fact we have no time to loiter over one man's little piece of work. And if a Maeterlinck can, with a vast empty perspective and a few monosyllabic characters, set a tragedy before our eyes that will fairly haunt us in our sleep with its creepy sensation of death stalking through the house like an actual though personless presence, surely nothing more is required of him.

The office of art and literature is to train us to observe more and more closely the facts of life, and to move us to higher aspirations. But there are numerous other ways in which we may get this same training, and we are rapidly finding out these ways. We are finding them out in our increasing intimacy with other people all over the world. We are finding them out in actual living, not in

reading fine literature or studying fine pictures.

To sum it all up then as compactly as we can, the spirit of our age is realistic, practical, energetic; prompting to self-culture, to fraternity, to greed of knowledge and to incessant exertion. Which of all these will triumph in the end and cast the vote for our time can never be known by any now living.



THE DESTRUCTION AND REPAIR OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES.

BY JOHN F. LACEY.*

THE PEOPLE of this Continent do not sufficiently appreciate the immensity of the period that nature employed in building the New World and preparing it as a home for civilized man, nor how easily those advantages may be destroyed. When Columbus first set his foot upon these shores, the vast forests and splendid prairies lay, rich and inviting, as the home of the coming race. The forest, which has done so much to prepare the earth for man's use, was encountered by the early settlers along the whole Atlantic shore. The necessity of clearing away this great mass of vegetation led the pioneer to look upon the woods as the enemy of man. The ax and torch were used unsparingly, and but few specimens of the original continental forests now remain.

Trees have their poetic as well as their practical side. While sensible to their beauty, we are now deeply concerned in their utility. All they have asked heretofore has been standing room. Give them but place and they have patiently done their work. Their long arms reached out for ages, and gathered from the air the elements of growth which they have added to the soil. As one poet has expressed it: "Cedars stretch their palms like holy men at prayer." Another speaks

of them in winter: "With their bare arms stretched in prayer for the snows." They gather the sunshine year by year and store it away for future use. They fertilize the soil, they beautify it. In a few old churchyards on the eastern shore of Maryland may be seen the remains of the splendid forest which once covered that region. The sight of these specimens makes us regret that larger areas of the ancient growth had not remained untouched. It was necessary to cut down a part of the forests, but man has swept them from the earth with the besom of destruction.

We are beginning to realize the waste-fulness with which we have treated the gifts of nature. We found this continent a storehouse of natural energy and wealth. The climate was salubrious. The soil was fertile. The forests spread on every hand. The rivers teemed with fish. The earth and air alike furnished supplies of game. Great coal deposits were found in almost every State. Coal oil and natural gas arose to the explorer from the bowels of the earth.

The prodigality of the sun is something amazing. When we think how few of its

* Hon. John F. Lacey, Chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Public Lands. Read before the American Forestry Association.

rays strike the earth or any of the planets in proportion to those constantly shed from its surface, we are led to wonder if they ever can be exhausted. Man is as prodigal of his natural possessions as the sun of its heat, light and energy. We have not been content with improving upon nature but have acted the spend-thrift part in wasting her stores. The coal has been preserved in spite of man by protecting strata of earth and stone, and there has been less wasteful extravagance in the use of this valuable mineral than perhaps any other of nature's gifts; and yet we are beginning to compute the time when the anthracite will only be found in the collections of museums. The coal oil has been wasted and wells have been opened and fields destroyed as though the supply were inexhaustible. Natural gas deposits have been tapped and the wasting gas set on fire, lighting the country for miles around. These vast stores of nature's forces are being rapidly exhausted.

It has not been so very long ago that the toothsome terrapin were so plentiful in Maryland that it was found necessary to enact a law prohibiting masters from feeding their slaves more than a given number of times each week upon that delicious viand. Terrapin three times a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, was found to be monotonous. No such law would be necessary now.

In Connecticut the law forbade that an apprentice should be required to eat salmon more than twice a week, for the same reason that the slave was protected against too much terrapin. Now the Connecticut salmon is a delicacy for the rich alone.

The extermination of the buffalo is too recent and too shameful to speak of, except in terms of indignation. Instead of taking these immense herds and, after giving them proper marks of identity, dividing them up and assuming proprietary rights over them, men have slaughtered them by the hundred thousand for the sheer pleasure of killing, until now a little handful of two or three hundred is

all that is left of the millions which roamed the plains forty years ago. And this was called sport! It required nothing like the expert skill of the pig-sticker who, covered with blood, presides over scenes of carnage in a slaughter house!

The same indiscriminate slaughter which has practically destroyed the salmon of Connecticut has been followed on the Columbia. Fish-wheels along the banks of the stream have been throwing out of the water enormous quantities of the most beautiful fish in the world,—catching them at the very time when they were *en route* to the head waters of the stream to deposit their spawn. Legislation on the part of Oregon and Washington has at last been reluctantly enacted, I trust in time to save these fish from extermination.

It is to the forests that I wish more particularly to direct attention at this time. But the streams are the children of the forest, and the fish are the children of the streams. In the early days men often cut down trees for the wild fruits that grew upon them. The beautiful service-berry has been well-nigh exterminated by this barbarous practice. This was a sin against nature.

A few years ago I visited the great region of the Northern Pacific Coast, where to-day is perhaps the grandest forest now remaining on the face of the earth. It can no longer be described as

"the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,"

for the hand of man is busily engaged in building up new States in that splendid country. Arriving, upon the cars, at the Dalles, some one said, "Run out, quick, and you can see Mount Hood!" I presumed Mount Hood was one of the permanent features of Oregon and saw no reason to be excited or to hurry to see it, and took a little time to go to the point where the peak could be seen through the open street. I watched it for a moment and then the smoke and fog covered it. It was the first and last glimpse I ever had of Mount Hood! The whole coun-

try was covered with a pall of smoke. The same "improvement" was being perpetrated there as in early days on the Atlantic coast. The promised destruction of the world by fire was progressing.

Splendid trees, five and six feet in diameter and hundreds of years old, were being destroyed. Auger holes were bored into the tree near the ground, coal oil was poured into the holes, a match was applied and the tree was burned down. Other holes were bored in the body of the tree and, with the assistance of more coal oil, a noble tree was soon reduced to ashes. During the dry season these fires were permitted to spread and pass through the forests, covering and concealing the whole earth with a cloud of smoke, and rapidly working, in this new field, the same useless destruction which has followed man's footsteps on every part of the Continent.

This sin on the Pacific Coast is only greater than that which was committed on the Atlantic Shore because the forests are finer. The mistakes made in the wanton destruction of the timber in the East ought to have been a warning in the West. They have an awful example to shun, and not to follow.

In the hills of Virginia and West Virginia, I remember, in my boyhood days the little streams that were fed by springs, and favorite swimming-holes could be found along them all. They were full of fish, and a source of delight to the young and old. After forty years' absence I revisited some of the same old streams. The trees had been cut from the hillsides. The springs had dried up. The old swimming-holes were gravelly and sandy wastes, dry as Sahara except where the channels were filled with muddy torrents for a few hours after a big rain.

In the older settled parts of the country the same condition of things occurred much longer ago.

I believe it was in 1842 that Doctor English described a similar condition, asking his old school mate to remember—

"The shaded nook, by the running brook
Where the children went to swim.

.....

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
And the spring of the brook is dry."

This wail touches the heart in every part of the settled portions of the country.

In Central and Southern Italy the Apennines are a striking illustration of the results of forest destruction. The ghastly seams into which the rains have washed lands that were once as fertile as any in the world have utterly destroyed much of that country for agricultural purposes. Surrounded as Italy is by the Mediterranean, the effects upon her climate have not, perhaps, been as bad as would follow in the interior part of the Continent. But nature seems to have given up the struggle with man; and Hawthorne tells us that where man's hand has carved a stone in Italy, its reclamation from nature is permanent, whilst in the north of Europe, or in the British Isles, nature claims its own again and covers the bricks and rocks with moss, lichens or ivy.

Nothing is so beautiful as a running stream in a state of nature. It is a living thing, always sparkling, never growing old. The brook, where the forests still protect it from destruction in its course to the sea, is a symbol of eternity. To the poet it says,—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

But in the land of Holy Writ, where the forests were but few, the brook was no such type of constancy. In Job, the brook is described as an emblem of deceit, frozen up in the winter and dried up in the summer. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away.... The paths of their way are turned aside; they come to nothing and perish."

The brook that Horace describes in his journey to Brundisium still flows in the same banks, and seems like a living thing, speaking of the poet of two thousand years ago.

The Hon. Timothy Brown, one of the leading lawyers of Iowa, has a discouraging theory which he supports with a considerable array of corroborating facts. He assures us that the magnetic pole is

moving eastward at the rate of seven miles a year, and, as it moves, the area of drouth in the Rocky Mountain region progresses at the same rate, and in due time Ohio will be as arid as Wyoming or Nevada.

We must not mistake mere weather for climate. We may have a scarcity of rainfall, and that scarcity may become serious enough to lead us to apprehend a dangerous permanent change of climate, whilst it may be true that a similar condition of things has prevailed at many times in the past in the same region, followed by a return of sufficient moisture.

But it seems to be the united opinion of all ages, and in all countries, that rain produces forests and that forests produce rain; that great and injurious changes of climate almost certainly follow any sweeping and general destruction of the woods.

Trees set out along hedge-rows will undoubtedly do much in ameliorating climatic conditions, but great masses of forest where considerable regions are shaded and protected are essential to the preservation of the climatic conditions that have brought so much prosperity to this country in the past.

In the Northwest, the last few years of drouth have prepared the people as a whole for the study of this question. The shrinking of the great lakes is already plainly noticeable, and active efforts for their preservation and restoration should be made without delay.

In Iowa some of the most beautiful of the little lakes have been drained and turned into fertile fields, whilst others have dwindled so as to be only a mere reminder of their former beauty. If the destruction of these bodies of water only entailed the loss of their beauty, a practical people might accept the change without any very great regret. But when the reclamation of a comparatively small area of land to cultivation imperils the water supply of thousands of surrounding farms, it is high time to call a halt and demand a restoration of these sources of water supply. All land must at times lie fallow. The best rest that it can enjoy is when, covered

with timber, it returns for a time to its natural condition, sheltered and fertilized by the woods once more. A reasonable portion of the country should at all times be thus given up to its native woods if we would preserve the fertility of the whole.

The practical question of to-day is how, as far as possible to undo the mistakes of the past; how to prevent them in the future. Agitation and discussion are necessary to call the attention of the people to the importance of maintaining, and at least partially restoring, the primitive forests of this country. The recent policy of withdrawing from settlement or sale large regions upon the head waters of streams, and creating forest reservations, is the greatest step in the right direction that has thus far been taken.

We must give up some part of our country to nature in order to keep the remainder for ourselves. The policy of most of the old states in regard to timber has been well summed up in six words, "To get rid of the timber."

With wood used for nearly every purpose, from tooth-picks and matches up to great grain elevators and ship masts, the proper and reasonable requirements for man's necessities and luxuries involve great and constant encroachment upon our forests. The old back-log of our forefathers has given place to the terra cotta gas log of a new generation.

With barbed wire for fencing and the decrease of wooden houses in the larger towns and cities, the overworked forests ought to have some rest. But the increase in population and the wear and tear upon old buildings make such calls for timber that of necessity a great drain upon the old forests continues.

Our fathers cut down beautiful black walnut trees for rails, and our own generation has pulled up the old stumps of the same trees for furniture making.

The peasants of France during the Revolution, it is said, would cut down two trees to make a pair of wooden shoes. Mark Twain, a few years ago, while in Paris, promised to send as a wedding present to a friend the rarest and most

expensive thing he could obtain in that city, and selected two small logs of fire-wood for that purpose and, tying them together with red, white and blue ribbons, laid them among the *bric-a-brac* at the wedding reception.

We ask ourselves what remedy we should adopt in America. This is more easily asked than answered. To call the attention of the people to the mistakes of the past before it is too late will lead to a conservation of groves and forests still in existence. The destruction from fires has already attracted much attention, and rigid laws to prevent their escape have been enacted in every State.

Groves and small wood lots upon each farm will in some measure repair the loss of the more extensive woods, but there must be considerable areas of country in which the forests must take control if we would preserve the climate, the springs, the streams, the soil, the birds and the fishes. Even now the business of sinking wells for farm use to a depth of several hundred feet is being carried on in the West. The surface water is disappearing.

Private owners cannot perform the duty of forestry in America. We have no rich old families who from generation to generation have been able to set apart large tracts of land for the growth of trees. We have none of the beautiful old ruins that grace so many parts of the forest-planting kingdoms of the Old World. We have no ruins more picturesque than a defunct bank, a bankrupt insurance company, or a railway in the hands of a receiver. No baronial game preserves are set apart in America.

A ferryman founded a so-called ancient and aristocratic family in this country in the last generation. The same family, in the present generation, lays out a forest reserve of 75,000 acres in the mountains of North Carolina, but unless all our past experience goes for naught, the same family in the next generation will be cutting hoop-poles for a living on this estate. We cannot rely much upon aid of this kind by private effort in America. Only the government lives long enough to plant trees extensively. The private individual is too constantly reminded of the fleeting character of life to lay out a forest for succeeding generations. The government alone can hold tracts either long enough or large enough to affect the great climatic purposes involved in the preservation of our forests. A great step in this direction was taken in the laws providing for timber reservations. These reservations should be kept for use and growth. A thorough and scientific system of cutting of this timber ought to be provided for at some time in the future when the wants of the people require that the ripened or dead trees should be utilized. But this should be done with such system as to preserve the woods as a whole.

The people should be taught the value of these reservations by thorough education upon the subject. Arbor Day celebrations and the planting of fruit and timber trees will lead a new generation to realize that the forest is not the enemy of man, but his fast friend,—a friend without whom nations cannot expect to prosper.

MUSIC.

GOD spake, and life of every kind
Woke into music at His word,
But only when the breath of mind
He breathed in man was music heard.

Alice Hamilton Rich.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

TALE OF THE BLACK HORSE INN.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S STORY.

BY GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

I.

I WAS traveling through the South. I made the small towns as well as the large ones. The circumstance I am about to relate occurred in the late Fifties, — a time in the history of the South when modes of transportation were meager. It was the heyday of the stage-coach and its contemporary, the highway robber. The country was in a state of agitation, for the South was then assuming that belligerent attitude which ended in the Rebellion.

I went to New Orleans from the East, intending to go up the river to Natchez. While in New Orleans I made the acquaintance of a young man named Sanford. He was a hale fellow well met, — intelligent, well-educated and cultured. Sanford was perfectly acquainted with the city; Sanford was affable; Sanford was liberal; Sanford was popular. In fine, Sanford was everything that should characterize a typical man of the world. It did not take me long to ascertain that Sanford had a considerable fortune and had no conscientious scruples against spending it.

I told him of my intention to embark for Natchez the latter part of the week. He seemed delighted and said he would accompany me, as he had some business to transact there. He also said he owned a plantation in Mississippi that required looking after. Accordingly we took the steamboat together. Arriving at Natchez, we finished our business and concluded to go across country, taking in the small towns that lay in the direction of Sanford's plantation. This necessitated a tedious ride by stage. We had six accompanying passengers, Southern gentlemen engaged in different lines of legitimate business. In those days a man's

business was a serious matter of speculation. As the country was on the verge of eruption and was filled with outlaws, it behooved travelers to carry arms. I had a pistol something smaller than a cannon. Its clumsiness was only exceeded by my awkwardness in drawing it, while Sanford whipped his revolver out with more dexterity, showing him to be perfectly acquainted with its use.

The stage-coach was one of those antediluvian traps, hung in a manner that caused it to sway and bound. The road was so bad that at times we experienced great difficulty in maintaining our equilibrium.

We at last arrived at a wayside inn. The driver proposed taking us to the next stopping place, six miles beyond, but we were tired and discomfited from our ride, and, besides, the clouds in the west were portentous of storm. We remonstrated. The driver yielded to our importunities and we alighted, bag and baggage.

Our wayside inn was a quaint house of conventional construction. In front of the door, obedient to the wind, there swung and creaked a sign. It bore the picture of a black horse, executed in anything but an artistic style. One eye of the horse seemed to be surveying the weary wayfarer as the hinges of the oak door creaked to admit him to the hostelry, while the other gazed dreamily far down the pike.

The interior of the Black Horse Inn was in keeping with the outside; everything had the stamp of Dixey upon it, and "Dixey" was written upon the countenance of the host.

There were several natives loafing around the barroom. I noted one in par-

ticular,—a tall, well-made man, apparently about forty years of age and rather good-looking. In conversation with the inn-keeper I was told that he was a planter of some means. He was affable and seemed desirous of becoming acquainted with us.

After talking with the inn-keeper some moments I moved away toward a window and, in company with Sanford, was looking concernedly at the storm, when the stranger approached and remarked on the blackness of the clouds. I turned and engaged him in conversation, finding him intelligent and rather well posted.

While we were talking the storm broke. It was terrific. The thunder shook the earth, and flashes of lightning cleaved the air viciously. The rain fell for a few moments in torrents; then suddenly it abated and settled down to what proved to be a steady all-night storm.

After supper Sanford and I lighted our cigars and discussed business affairs until time began to hang heavy on our hands. Meantime, I noted that the tall stranger was drinking considerably; his face was flushed and he talked too much.

I was about to rise from my seat, when he approached and suggested a game of cards. The suggestion met with general approval. The landlord threw down a pack of greasy cards and Sanford, the stranger, a fellow passenger and myself gathered around the table.

The game was at first for mere pleasure; but, later, interest lagged; so, just to pass away time, it was converted into a small game of draw-poker. As enthusiasm increased, the game grew until it assumed the proportions of a first-class game of draw. It was progressing anything but favorably for the stranger and more than once, *sotto voce*, he cursed his luck. His face was red and he was getting nervous and excited.

Things were playing into the hands of Sanford, who, with all his other accomplishments, appeared to be an expert with cards. The stranger was a heavy loser. His blood was rising and he could not conceal the fact. He rose while I was

shuffling the cards, went to the bar, drank a glass of liquor and resumed his seat.

I threw the cards down. They were cut by the fellow passenger, were dealt around, and again the stranger lost to Sanford. I saw that, aside from being the worse for liquor, Sanford's winnings galled him. I suggested that we end the game, alleging weariness as an excuse. This was contrary to the wishes of the tall man. He said he desired to get back what he had lost, and he also murmured something in an irritable way about being "skinned." We played on in silence for ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly an altercation rose between Sanford and the stranger. Bad faith in dealing was alleged by the stranger, which was promptly denied by Sanford. After a few words, order was restored and the game continued, but the altercation had stirred hot blood. An eruption continually threatened. The stranger was mad,—mad in particular at the slim-built man from New Orleans, mad in general because he had lost his money and because he was drunk.

The landlord had told me that he was a very amiable man when sober, willing to give and take; but while in his cups he would not brook the slightest insult. He even sought quarrel then and was what is known in the vigorous language of the frontier as "a bad man."

He had no visible firearms upon his person, but from his right boot there projected the bone hilt of a knife. Ostensibly it was the only weapon he carried.

Once he had taken the knife out, had drawn a plug of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a piece and replaced it. I saw the quick eye of Sanford note the movement. We had not played long before the stranger again accused Sanford of crooked work. A war of words followed and both men rose in their excitement. Simultaneously Sanford gave the stranger the lie. With anger written all over his face and eyes flashing fire, the stranger stooped. The movement was fatal. Sanford interpreted it as an effort to draw the knife. Like a flash he drew his revolver, and, before we could hardly realize

what was transpiring, he had sent a ball through the breast of the stranger. The ball broke the skin on his chin and entered his body, ranging downward, piercing his chest.

I shall never forget the look that came over Sanford's face the instant the fact that he had murdered the man dawned in all its hideous significance upon him. It was an expression of mingled terror and sorrow.

The stranger, though in a stooping position, did not fall. He straightened up, placed his hand over the wound and sat down in his chair, but he had hardly become seated before death came. He placed both hands against the table and pushed it away; then his head fell backward, his hands dropped, and there he sat in his chair, dead!

Not accustomed to such scenes, I was spellbound, completely benumbed with the excitement of the moment. When I collected myself, I turned around and Sanford was gone. Yes, there on the floor lay his revolver, but he had passed out into the night and the storm.

I walked out under the sign of the Black Horse and peered into the darkness. There came a glaring flash of lightning, and it disclosed, far down the pike, a dark figure trudging through the rain and mud toward Natchez.

I made no effort to follow him. Several came out of the house to follow the murderer, but concluded to let matters rest until morning.

For several years afterward I continually looked for Sanford in my travels. In crowded depots, at steamboat landings, on the trains and in stage-coaches, I carefully scanned the passengers' faces, but without avail. A year after the murder I learned that a strange man had settled up Sanford's affairs, but from him no information could be gained relating to the whereabouts of the murderer.

II.

The years rolled by and the memory of the tragedy of the Black Horse Inn was becoming naught but a ghostly outline in

my mind. Yet I remembered very distinctly how Sanford looked, although my acquaintance with him had been short.

There was one mark by which I could establish his identity, no matter how long he lived or how dissipated he became. It was a scar on the right side of his chin,—an injury he had sustained from a fall during childhood.

I was often in New Orleans subsequent to the tragedy, but never even heard of him. I asked his friends, but they knew nothing about him. It seemed that he had literally dropped out of existence. Time wore on, and the tragedy became only a memory, even in the community where it transpired.

Many stirring events occurred in that district of the country during the War, which had the effect of depriving the crime of the Black Horse Inn of that singular prominence it would have had if it had not been for the Rebellion, and it was only rarely that I told the story myself, when by accident something occurred that recalled its every detail to my mind.

Fifteen years after, I had occasion to visit the city of Berlin, in Germany. One evening I entered a large beer hall near my hotel. It was a tolerable place, containing many little round tables, with female waiters who whisked about at bidding with great dispatch. The house was well filled. I sat watching the animated scene, when my attention was attracted by a man who was incessantly calling, "Waiter, one beer." His clothes were shiny and threadbare; he wore a stubby, unkempt beard; his hat was turned back in a careless way, and a few straggling locks, tinged with gray, fell over a high, square forehead. There was a something in his countenance that bespoke better days, and faint lines of classical features were still visible in his bloated face.

I sat down at the table with him. He accosted me, and in American fashion asked me to drink. Courtesy compelled me to accept the invitation, whereupon he cried out in a familiar way, "Waiter, two beers," and we drank together.

We talked quite freely. I became interested in him and he appeared to be well disposed toward me. After talking something more than an hour, our colloquy being broken semi-occasionally by his measured order, "Waiter, one beer," (I having declined to drink more,) I felt sufficiently acquainted with him to ask about his former life. He looked at me a moment in silence; there was something strangely familiar in his eyes; then he said abruptly, "I am drinking myself to death!" "Yes," he repeated after a short silence, "I am drinking myself to death!"

He had stated a fact that was very apparent to me, as the most casual observer could not help noting.

"Yes," he continued, and again his eyes fixed themselves upon me, as if silently soliciting my confidence, "I was born in New Orleans, forty years ago. I had every advantage in the world, but it is the old story of bad company," and then he recited to me the story of his life, working gradually up to the incident of the Black Horse Inn.

Of course I had recognized him,—but I kept silent; I thought it was better. He rose, his voice trembling with excitement, and I saw that same look on his face that was there fifteen years ago,—that night at the Black Horse Inn, as he exclaimed in a half repressed voice, replete with agony, "I murdered a man and it has haunted me like a ghost ever since."

In the hurry of the crowd no one had particularly noticed him. He sat down quite pale and agitated and, continuing, he said: "It has been the curse of my life. It has forced me to drink. Drink is my only solace; and here at this table have I sat for two years oblivious of the outside world. Yes, the thoughts of that murder seem to weave themselves into fantastic shapes in the darkness of the night and stare at me with the glassy eyes of my victim. Even in the depths of the liquor I drink I see his contorted features. Many times have I started from my sleep with cold sweat standing on my brow, as that

terrible night was again reproduced with all its detailed reality in dream. In the storm there is a voice; in the night wind there is a voice; solitude has a voice; and the burden of that voice is 'Cain, where is thy brother?'"

"Yes," he repeated, "drink is my only solace, although in prospect I see a drunkard in tatters, a staggering inebriate in the street, a prostrate form in the gutter, a bloated, naked body at the morgue, and a home in the potter's field—fit place for a poor, miserable wretch like me!"

Then he told me how he had settled up his affairs through the agency of another, how the money had been duly delivered over to him. He had learned that his family and friends and the woman whose heart he had won—all had exhausted every means to find him. He had taken the money and passed out into the world—a poor piece of driftwood afloat on a shoreless sea. "And that," said he, "is my life story. I care not who knows it now, for my dreary existence is almost at an end."

He had become quite composed. What could I do? Could I help him? Was he irreclaimable? Should I reveal my identity? These and other questions were passing rapidly through my mind, confusing me as to my duty to a fellow man. Yes, I would make myself known to him, but not to-day. I must think the situation over by myself and possibly—yes, possibly, something could yet be done to save him. I arose; he shook my hand warmly, bade me good-night, made me promise to repeat the visit, and again sat down at the table.

As I went out the door I glanced at him. He had settled back in his chair; his once clear-cut and handsome face stood out in bold relief against the immaculate whiteness of the wall, and his right hand rested carelessly on the table. What a picture of abject pity and helplessness!

The next morning a telegram summoned me away from Berlin, leaving no opportunity to fulfill my promise.

Two years later I picked up a paper and read an account of a man who had been found dead in an alley in an American city, and, among other things, the report mentioned a scar on the dead man's chin. I knew it was Sanford, and concluded to go to the potter's field, find his grave and mark it. It was located far in the suburbs of the city. I went down a long, beautiful street, dotted on either side with splendid mansions. Farther on, I saw the city proper fade into

suburbs and the suburbs into country.

At last I came to the burying-place of the beggar. What a miserable place it was! How bleak and forbidding! Rank weeds had grown up everywhere bedecking the graves of the unknown dead.

As I stood looking down on the newest grave in the grounds, two little children, playing along the roadway stopped and picked up some pebbles and arranged them in the form of a cross on the mound. It was the grave of Sanford.

A SPHINX.

HER lissom form is living grace—
In every movement light and free,
Some mystic rhythm you may trace,
Of motion's melody;
She has small hands, so soft and sweet,
And dainty feet.

Her features, small and delicate,
With rounded curves of lip and chin,
And gracious smiles to fascinate
All men—these framed within
A shrine of waving golden hair,
Divinely fair.

Her eyes, beneath their shading lash,—
I know not whether brown or blue,—
Could you describe a lightning flash
That, dazzling, blinded you,
And by its overpowering light
Brought darker night?

And in her body dwells a sprite—
A fairy, or some witch maiden—
Who by her magic's mystic might
Conquers and rules all men;
But if her life be joy or woe
You may not know.

For in her soul, all unrevealed,
Are many wondrous things, I ween;
What she desires to keep concealed
Will ne'er by men be seen,
And so she evermore will be
A mystery.

William Schuyler.



AUNT LÆTITIA'S WEDDING

BY MRS. C. A. SCHAEFFER.

I SUPPOSE my Aunt Lætitia is the most helpless person in existence. She is also very amiable and charming, and well she may be, with everyone waiting on her and taking care of her and doing exactly as she wishes. How placidly she used to sit with her pretty hands folded and say, "No, I don't try to sew; I am really nothing of a seamstress," or "It is really not worth while for me to do anything about the housekeeping. Dear Bell is so energetic, and I should only put her out if I interfered, so I just sit here in the parlor and keep out of her way, and am always ready to see any one who may come."

People say that Aunt Lætitia is not practical, but I should hardly put it in that way, for I think that a person who contrives in the sweetest, gentlest manner to get her own way completely, and make every human being in her vicinity yield to her, may fairly be called very practical indeed.

As for me, while Aunt Lætitia and I lived together I never had time to be placid and sweet-tempered, for in our little house, with one maid of all work, and Auntie requiring my services from the time when she got up in the morning and I had to arrange her pretty hair, until she went to bed at night and I carried up her little tray with a glass of water and a biscuit, (I always said "cracker," but Auntie is elegant, and wouldn't have it unless it was called by the right name,) I did, indeed, have to be "energetic." Since her departure, my disposition has had such a

good rest that I can look back on those days with hardly any feeling but amusement.

We didn't always live together. From the time I was a little child until I was almost grown up, there were just Mother and Milly and I. Then Mother died, and Milly and I clung to each other and to our own little house and garden and begged not to be sent to live with any of our uncles and aunts, several of whom had come from distant homes to decide what should be done with us. After a family council, we were asked whether we would shut up the house and go with one of our uncles or have Aunt Lætitia come to stay with us, as we were considered entirely too young to live by ourselves. We promptly accepted the latter alternative, although Uncle Richard, with whom our aunt was then living, shook his head and looked at us half quizzically, half sadly.

"Well, try it," he said; "her income ought to be enough for her share of the expenses, and for the rest,—if you get tired of the arrangement let me know."

We had not seen Aunt Lætitia since we were children, but our recollection of her was pleasant and we were more than willing to have her, and indeed thought that it would be the greatest comfort in our loneliness.

I well remember our excitement when the evening of Aunt Lætitia's arrival finally came. Two forlorn young things we were, standing on the platform in the darkness, waiting with palpitating hearts and eager eyes for the arrival that meant

so much to us. When the train came in and we saw coming toward us a dainty little woman with soft, wavy hair, lovely brown eyes, pink cheeks and an air of youthfulness that was startling in an aunt, (she was forty, but didn't look it,) our joy and relief were unspeakable and we fell in love with her on the spot. Not that we took in any details in the first moments of delight and shyness. What we did see, and what always from time to time softened our hearts, was a shadowy likeness to our mother,—that elusive sort of family resemblance that is gone when you look for it, and that certainly, in this case, betokened no resemblance of character. We took her home in triumph, and in the first flush of novelty and pleasure were only too glad to give ourselves up, body and soul, to her service.

After a while, however, we began to get back into our old ways. We never had been idle girls. I was still going to school, and between lessons, housekeeping, the sewing that we must do if we

were to have things like other girls, and the young people dropping in at all times of day and coaxing us out of the seclusion that had seemed natural in our first grief, there was never much unoccupied time. And then, what girl doesn't need a good adviser to keep her out of scrapes! It was disconcerting to find that, instead of going to Auntie for help and advice, or in any way leaning on her, we must simply take care of her and ourselves too. Provided that one of us was always at hand to wait upon her, she didn't care what we did with ourselves, and I only wonder that we behaved as discreetly as we did. Perhaps partly because her demands upon our time left us so little leisure.

At first we were too fond of her and too proud to own to each other that she was a disappointment; but at last, after a particularly hard day, when we had given up a picnic to preserve the cherries that wouldn't keep, and Aunt Lætitia had made constant demands upon us, asking Milly to do up some embroideries so that



"You know I always tell you, my dear, that you are a little provincial."

she might have them at once, and me to press a gown and sew on the said embroidered trimmings, and had then collapsed with a headache that required the unremitting attention of us both; as we were finishing the cherries toward midnight, hurrying lest we should once more hear that aggressively patient voice calling, "Girls, why *don't* you go to bed? You know I never can go to sleep while any one is up!"

Milly burst out: "Bell, I do declare it's worse than twins, for we could spank *them*!"

"Milly," I replied, sobbing, as I screwed down the last jar, "it wouldn't be so bad if she had any reasoning powers, but you explain so carefully why a thing cannot be done in a certain way, and she listens in that sweet, placid way of hers and you think she understands it all, and then in a little while she is back at the very beginning again and acts as if nothing had ever been said about it, and insists on her own way again just as gently and sweetly—"

"And gets it, too," said Milly. "Well, at any rate, Bell, I'm glad we have spoken out to each other,—and there are two of us after all." And with that thought we went to bed somewhat comforted.

But there came a time when there were not two of us, for Milly got married and went away. She begged me to go and live with her, but I have my own ideas about living with -in-laws, and, charming as Howard was about it, I didn't choose to make a third in their house. I had grown tolerably used to Aunt Lætitia's little ways and, as for her, I don't believe she had ever been more comfortable in her life, and she utterly opposed any change. I wouldn't for the world have admitted it even to myself at the time, but there was another reason, for I was beginning to like Jack a little, and going away then would have meant a decision one way or the other that I wasn't prepared to make. I didn't make it for about a year (Jack says I trifled with him outrageously), but by that time I was willing to admit, even to him, that I cared for him, and he began to talk, as men do, about getting

married at once. I wasn't in such a hurry as he was, but when we did begin to make serious plans, what was more natural than that I should want to keep on living in our own house, rather than give it up and get another? But then I found that Aunt Lætitia meant to stay, too, and I really didn't feel equal to that combination, for it would have worried Jack and I should have kept on getting more and more irritable and unlovely and, in short, I couldn't bear the thought of it,—and I may add, Jack *wouldn't*. And so things dragged along, and we were wondering whether it would be best to let the house and announce that we preferred to board,—which we didn't,—when my eyes were suddenly opened to something that fairly took my breath away. One evening, when Jack came and I took him into the sitting-room, because Aunt Lætitia had company in the parlor, he said: "Do you know, Bell, this looks serious. Old Willoughby has been here pretty often of late, and I believe he has come a-court-ing."

"How perfectly absurd!" I exclaimed. "Why, he's as old as—old!"

"Only fifty or sixty," said Jack, "and you know, Bell, your dear Auntie isn't what you might call young."

I began to reflect. "He does come pretty often," I said, "and Auntie is looking very pretty, and, now that I think of it, she always keeps me busy in some other part of the house while he is here,—but oh, Jack, it won't come to anything. He'll forget all about it between-times, and he might even propose to Auntie and never think of it again."

But Jack said he would trust Auntie to keep his mind on it, if it once got as far as that.

"Old Willoughby," as Jack was irreverent enough to call him, is the professor of Greek in our little college, and is the most absent-minded man I ever heard of. Once, during this singular courtship, he invited Auntie to go to a concert with him. I dressed her up as if she had been a doll, and then hurried into my own hat and jacket, and went off to the concert

with Jack, leaving her waiting for her professor, looking, I must say, as pretty as a pink. When we got back, the poor dear was still waiting. Her cheeks were very red, but she went to bed without a word. About midnight we were awakened by the most tremendous ringing at the doorbell. I was in a dreadful fright and Aunt Lætitia nearly went into hysterics, but I gathered up courage enough to put my head out of the window and look down into the blackness.

"What's wanted?" I quavered weakly.

The professor's voice called back cheerfully: "Why, I've come to take Miss Maybrook to the concert!"

I explained to the poor, absent-minded creature that the concert had been over for some hours, and added that we should be happy to see him at another time, but that he really must excuse us then; and then I sat down on Aunt Lætitia's bed and laughed until I cried. Auntie didn't laugh,—not she. She sat up in bed, looking as dignified as circumstances would permit, and told me that I needn't laugh at a person who had so many serious things to think about that he was sometimes unmindful of the lapse of time.

After that night I noticed that Auntie used often to get Jack to take a message to the Professor just before tea-time, asking him to come in and take a cup of tea; and then Jack would bring him along, and if there happened to be anything going on in the evening, there he was, all ready. When he was on the spot, he was talkative and agreeable and very attentive to Auntie; and she certainly managed cleverly with the little notes and messages, so that after a while it grew to be so much a habit with him to drop in at our house that I think he often came quite unconsciously, instead of going to his own rooms. Jack and I watched developments with the deepest interest, and the day came at last when I could whisper ecstatically: "They've settled it, Jack! Aunt Lætitia and the Professor are engaged to be married! And now do you think he'll forget it?"

"Not with your dear Auntie at the helm," said Jack.

And he didn't. At first he used to look startled when she called him Edward, and it was some time before he remembered to address her as Lætitia, but finally the engagement became one of his habits and took its place in his consciousness. Somehow or other they managed to fix the wedding day, and then, from being a passive spectator, I became an extremely active participant in Auntie's affairs. I helped buy her trousseau, and brought samples and matched things until I never wanted to go into a shop again, for Auntie is extremely particular and has exquisite taste; but, alas, we none of us have much money, and it was hard to reconcile her taste with her means. In the end she was a little extravagant, and I sewed a great deal on her clothes to make things come even. She didn't sew, because, as she said, she wasn't much of a seamstress, and then she would add: "And Edward doesn't like to see me do anything of that kind. It would distress him greatly to see my fingers pricked with sewing."

So she would sit in the parlor with her little volume of poems and the novels from the village library, and, when she was tired of reading, would play in her little tinkling way on the piano. She always skipped the hard parts of a piece of music and joined the easy parts together, and played on and on, with a feeble little touch, until I sometimes thought I should go mad. Jack hated to see my fingers pricked, and scolded me well for sewing so much, for sometimes when he came to see me in the evening I was so tired that I just had to put my head on his shoulder and cry with fatigue and nervousness, while Aunt Lætitia and her Professor read poetry and tinkled the piano in the next room.

But Jack himself went house-hunting with Professor Willoughby, and we both helped buy the furniture, and got a good deal of fun out of it, feeling very old and responsible and wondering sometimes whether our helpless couple would ever learn to do without us.

The most distracting time of all came when the trousseau was nearly done and Auntie began to talk about the wedding. Her idea of her share of the expenses was always a little peculiar, and by this time she had spent all her last quarter's income and a little in advance. She began one day as I was sitting sewing and she was watching me, and from time to time placidly making maddening suggestions as to my work.

"Of course we must have a quiet wedding," she said, "as your house is so *extremely* small." I at once felt thankful that it was no larger. "But," she continued, "I should like to have it exceedingly *nice*. I have counted up the people we most want, and I think we might manage to have thirty or forty. You won't need much help, I should think, for you ought to make the wedding cake *now*, and let it stand; and do be liberal with the cake, Bell; you are apt to be a little restricted in your ideas, I think."

I had dropped my work and was listening in dismay. She continued cheerfully:

"I particularly *don't* want a countrified supper. You know, I always tell you, my dear, that you are a little provincial. That comes from your always having lived in this little village. But with me to advise you, we can make it very nice, indeed. To begin with, I think we had better have some of your delicious sweetbread pâtés,—you really make very good pastry, Bell,—and then some chicken croquettes and some salad,—lobster salad would be good,—and sandwiches and coffee, of course, and then some ices and wine jelly and cake,—and, of course, salted nuts and such things."

I was aghast. Even if there had been a caterer in our little town, we couldn't have afforded to have him, and, as a matter of fact, I had always made our special dainties with my own hands, and we had never in all our housekeeping had so many of them at once.

"I suppose, then, I needn't appear at all at the wedding," I said in rather a shaky voice, "for I don't know how all those things are to be made and served

to thirty or forty people, unless I stay in the kitchen."

"My dear Bell," answered Aunt Lætitia, "don't be unreasonable. Such things can always be done with good management. You are tired now," she added sweetly. "You have taken too long a walk with Jack. It is really most inconsiderate of him, taking you so far and keeping you out so long. By and by, when you are rested, you will see just how to arrange it all; you are so very clever at such things."

Milly afterwards showed me a letter which Jack wrote to Howard about this time. I remember some of its vigorous sentences, especially the following:

"For Heaven's sake, send your wife on here. Bell is in the clutch of the family octopus and will not let me rescue her. I have proposed an immediate elopement, but she will have none of me, and meantime she is growing paler and thinner at an alarming rate."

So one day Milly appeared on the scene, and with her cheerfulness and her young-married-woman decision and independence, put new life into me. Aunt Lætitia's menu was modified, a competent woman was put in charge of the kitchen and, when the important day dawned, we were all quite ready.

It was lovely June weather, and our house looked its best, but Uncle Richard was ill and couldn't come, and the other relations, for various reasons, didn't think it worth while, so Auntie was to be married with only us young people to wish her joy. However, her old minister was coming from a city a couple of hundred miles away to perform the ceremony, and was to arrive that morning. It was a little annoying when a telegram was brought in, saying that he had been detained but would arrive at seven in the evening.

"It will be rather a close shave," observed Jack, who was hanging about the house, helping, as he said, but really keeping me from doing anything.

"Oh, yes," I said, starting up as I heard Aunt Lætitia's call, "but do go and take care of your Professor, and see

that he doesn't get lost." For we had divided up our duties. Milly attended to the housekeeping, I had charge of Auntie, her trunks and her toilette, and Jack had agreed to keep a kindly eye on the Professor and see that he was ready in time, while Howard did the errands and attended to all the odd jobs. We were not very experienced in weddings,—Milly had gone straight from the church to the train,—but we meant to have this one go smoothly.

Well, I arranged Auntie's hair and put on her the pretty white silk gown and the veil, for she had chosen to be dressed in bride-like fashion. I had her all ready by half-past seven and felt proud of my handiwork, for she looked very sweet; and I had just called Milly to come and see her, when Jack brought in the Professor, to whom he had acted as valet.

"Don't our dolls look nice?" he whispered. "I thought it would be a relief to you to have him here in good season, and I haven't forgotten anything. I had the cheek to ask him if he had his money all right, and he said he had. Do you know, Bell, he's a first-rate fellow, and it seems almost a pity—but it's rather late to think of that, and I believe I'll ask him if he wants me to give Doctor Brown his fee, for I really am afraid he'll forget that."

Meantime, the two handsome old things were looking admiringly at each other and whispering little asides. Jack drew the Professor away for a moment, and returned to me with a face of dismay.

"His money is all in a cheque!" he exclaimed. "It's his last quarter's salary, just as it was paid to him, and it never occurred to him that he must get it cashed! I could let him have enough for the parson, but there are the railway tickets. I'll see Howard, and if he hasn't much I must run out and see what I can do. Confound these babes in the wood!"

Three minutes later I heard the hall door slam behind him. Then entered Howard: "Doctor Brown's train isn't in yet. Milly, you must come down. People are beginning to come."

Auntie, the Professor and I stayed together for half an hour,—they calm, I excited. Then Jack returned, warm but triumphant. Some good Samaritan had cashed the cheque. Once more, suspense, until a telegram was brought up.

Wreck on road. Must return home. Get substitute. Very sorry.
G. Brown.

Aunt Lætitia was at first unwilling to accept the situation, but the Professor rose to the occasion and suggested that we ask the president of the college, who was among the guests. Doctor Colburn was promptly brought upstairs by the energetic Jack.

Meanwhile Aunt Lætitia said to me: "I don't know whether he will do it well or not, and I think we had better have the Episcopal service."

As Auntie had been a good Presbyterian all her life, I was startled at this sudden innovation and remonstrated.

"Perhaps he won't like it," I said, "and anyway it is so late to arrange all that. It's half-past eight now, and you'll miss your train if there are any more delays."

"We can go by the midnight train," said Aunt Lætitia calmly, and the next moment I heard her asking Doctor Colburn in her sweetest tones if he would have any objection to using the Episcopal service. "I have always been fond of it," she added, "and it would please me very much to have it used."

Doctor Colburn, good man, expressed his entire willingness to do as she wished, if we would provide him with a prayer-book.

"Bell has one," said Aunt Lætitia. "Please go and get it, my dear."

I hurriedly whispered Jack to go and tell Milly to put off the supper, and then fetched the tiny prayer-book that Jack gave me to use when he and I wander away from the Presbyterian fold. Doctor Colburn shook his head when he saw it.

"My eyes are not as good as they were," he said, "and I am not familiar with the service. I really cannot undertake to get through it unless I can have larger print."

The long-suffering Jack bethought him of a neighbor among the guests who might be expected to have something that would answer the purpose. He went down-stairs, escorted her to her own house, and they returned in triumph with a medium-sized prayer-book. The doctor still looked a little dubious, but said he would do his best if we would give him time to look over the service. It was now nine o'clock, but Aunt Lætitia was unruffled, and Professor Willoughby seemed lost in a fit of abstraction. I wondered how the thirty or forty guests were amusing themselves, and pitied Milly from the bottom of my heart.

Doctor Colburn devoted himself to the prayer-book, and presently remarked: "Is there any one to give the bride away?" "No!" I exclaimed; and "What a pity Richard isn't here!" said Aunt Lætitia. But as Uncle Richard wasn't here, it was agreed to omit that part.

"I suppose you have a ring?" said Doctor Colburn. Jack, who was taking charge of the ring, produced it, and saw it safely put into Professor Willoughby's waistcoat pocket. Finally one more point had to be settled. Some one asked if they were going to kneel for the benediction, and it was decided that they had better remain standing. Just then Jack remarked to Aunt Lætitia that she would possibly have some trouble getting her glove off, and that she had better take it off now or have the finger cut open.

"My hand will be creased from the glove now," said Aunt Lætitia. "You may cut it."

She stretched out her hand, Jack took out a knife, opened it and stuck it in. Aunt Lætitia gave a slight scream, drew back her hand, and decided not to have her glove cut.

At last, we were ready. As it was half past nine, it was high time. Howard brought Auntie down after the rest of us had taken our places. Auntie and her professor stood in the bay-window with their faces to the company, and Milly

stood near her, I the nearest, in order to act as a sort of bridesmaid and help her with her glove. Jack, not having been asked to be best man, stood in the front row of spectators, and I was overwhelmed with horror when I saw the position that Howard took; for, perceiving instantly that poor Doctor Colburn couldn't see to read by the very insufficient light that came from the chandelier, he seized the most portable lamp that he could find, and, standing just at the doctor's elbow, held it so that the light was thrown on the book, while he interposed a large palm-leaf fan between the lamp and the spectators, in order to still further concentrate its beams. Aunt Lætitia looked decidedly startled when she saw this novel method of illumination.

But all went well until Dr. Colburn, forgetting that anything was to be omitted, said in a loud and clear tone, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

There was dead silence for a moment, and then, as if in a dream, I heard my own voice saying, "I do."

I saw a sudden lurch of the lamp and the palm-leaf fan, and felt as if I should like to drop through the floor; and yet, after all, I don't know who had a better right to give Auntie away than I! But I had no time to think.

Doctor Colburn said, "I, Edward, take thee, Lætitia," but Edward was lost in a brown study and didn't hear him.

The Doctor said in a commanding whisper, "Respond, if you please," and began again, "I, Edward, take thee, Lætitia."

Again silence; but I think Aunt Lætitia must have joggled the elbow of her absent-minded bridegroom, for he looked up with a sudden start and an air of bewilderment, and the Doctor said again, "Respond, if you please," and once more repeated the words. This time Edward responded, and he continued very nicely to the end.

When it was time to put on the ring, Aunt Lætitia held out her little gloved

hand to me. It certainly was an excessively warm night. I pulled and pulled in vain, and finally in desperation, peeled the glove off, wrong side out. The ring fairly out of the Professor's pocket and on Auntie's finger, I thought our troubles were over; but when the doctor said, "Let us pray," what did the bride and groom do but drop on their knees, and Milly and I were so confused that we dropped on our knees, too. I never felt so tall in my life as I did kneeling there, facing all those people, and without any support but a mind conscious of good intentions. I was greatly relieved when I could scramble to my feet again.

I am forced to admit that the service at Aunt Lætitia's wedding did not seem in the least solemn or impressive!

Doctor Colburn evidently didn't mean to let Professor Willoughby off from any of the duties or privileges of the occasion, for, after the benediction had been pronounced, he said in a very audible whisper, "Kiss her, if you please."

As usual, the Professor didn't hear, so the whisper was repeated, "Kiss her, if you please."

And then the bridegroom did kiss her, and we all kissed her; and finally we had our belated supper, for which we were

certainly quite ready, after all our fatigues and emotions.

We got them safely started on their wedding journey, and, a day or two after, Milly hurried me home with her; but my visit proved a short one, owing to Jack's impatience. He followed me rather soon and persuaded me to marry him at once; for he said he was in a continual state of apprehension lest Aunt Lætitia might prevail on me to go and keep house for her. I cannot say that I have ever regretted being married without a trousseau or a wedding, for my one experience of those luxuries was enough to last a lifetime. The day after we got home, Auntie sent for me to arrange some of her belongings, but Jack, who seemed suddenly to have developed an inordinate amount of decision, commanded me to stay at home and let him go in my stead. I never had a very full account of what they said to each other, but I have been comparatively free ever since, and Aunt Lætitia gets on remarkably well, as I have noticed that helpless people sometimes do when their usual props are removed. The Professor is good as gold, though still absent-minded, and, on the whole, the marriage has turned out better than might have been expected for both of them.

NOTE. This story was awarded the prize in the January 1st Story Competition.

TO MY FATHER ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.*

WE LIVE in thoughts and deeds,—not years;
 Old age is not the silvered hair,
 The faltering step, the failing sight.
 These all may be, and still the heart —
 Fountain of youth and endless joy —
 Send forth its streams perennial
 Through the years. And so life's sun —
 Sinking adown the western sky,
 Holding the glory of perpetual morn —
 Gilds evening with the beauty of the dawn;
 And that which we call death— because
 With our dull eyes we cannot see beyond—
 Shall be naught but the opening door
 To everlasting youth.

Geo. C. Newman.

*The venerable John Newman, D. D., to whom this poem was inscribed, died at the home of his son, in Des Moines, on the 27th day of January, 1886. He was born in Amsterdam, New York, in the year 1813.

RAOUL'S EASTER.

BY MINNIE WAITE ROZELLE.

THE morning sun rested lovingly on Raoul's sunny curls; it danced across the long mirror, and lay in a flood of golden glory across the carpet. Easter lilies stood, pure and regal, in the windows and the canary hopped restlessly in its cage, now and then chirping love-notes to its little master, who lay so quietly on the couch, his long lashes shadowing his pale cheeks.

A lady, young and fair, crossed the room, and stood beside the couch, looking down at the child's wasted body and quiet face.

"I'm not asleep, Sweetheart," he said cheerily, "but I shut my eyes, so I could think about the magnolia blossoms and the honeysuckle over the porch. You needn't go away, dear, because, you know, you are a part of them, just as papa is, and I always think of us all together. You wouldn't believe, Mamma, that I could smell the magnolias, but I can, and I most know if I could just see a whole tree full of flowers, I'd be well."

A shiver passed over the mother, but it was unseen by the closed eyes, and she answered tenderly, "I wish you might, Raoul. Some day, when you are well, you and I will go back to the magnolias and jessamine, and we will listen to the mocking-birds and hear the water splash in the fountain until you will forget that we ever came North."

"Oh, Sweetheart!" Raoul's beautiful brown eyes opened wide and there was a sound of tears in the vibrant voice. "That would be just as good as going to Heaven. Only we can't ever forget the North because it took poor Papa away from us."

His eyes closed just in time to miss the look of anguish which crossed the mother's face. "Don't Raoul," she pleaded in a stricken voice; and the child, understanding her fully, reached out a thin

hand from under the coverlet and, grasping hers, was silent.

To her, born among the hills of New England and loving every foot of their barren soil, the ten years of her life in the South was but an unhappy memory. In all those years she had never once given expression to her passionate longing for home, but when imperative business called her husband north she broke down and cried so piteously to go, too, that he looked at her in alarm. It ended in his taking her and Raoul with him, and arrangements were made for prolonging their visit a year.

During that year the husband sickened and died—died bravely resisting the desire to be taken home. His wife had borne homesickness uncomplainingly for ten years; he could endure it for the few weeks he had yet to live—and then—there was the heavenly home. Raoul inherited his father's intense love of the South, and so carefully had his mother hidden her discontent that the child thought her tastes identical with his own.

They sat in silence a long time, the mother's eyes blinded with tears, her heart full of self-reproach over the folly which had kept her North when she knew her little boy pined for home.

A sudden resolve born of her sorrowful thoughts came to her. "Raoul," she said.

"Yes, Mamma—"

"Would you like to go home day after to-morrow?"

Raoul started from the lounge, his cheeks a vivid scarlet, his eyes and lips alight and glowing. "O, Sweetheart!" he gasped, and lay back upon the pillows, looking rapturously at his mother.

"That is just what we will do, dear," she said blithely, crossing the room to admit the physician.

"Shall you start in an hour?" asked

good humored Doctor Eliot, after Raoul had fairly shouted out the good news.

"Oh, no," said Raoul gayly. "You know I am going to sing at St. Mark's to-morrow."

"Why, Raoul, you surely do not care to sing when you have been so sick! I thought you had forgotten it," said his mother, looking anxiously at the physician.

"What are you to sing, my boy?" asked the doctor.

"Such a lovely song about Easter and Christ and the angels. Mamma found the poem and Papa made the music up out of his own head, and he will be so disappointed if I don't sing it. Don't you remember, Mamma, how I promised him?"

But his mother had gone from the room, and the kind old doctor walked to the window and looked out before he spoke to Raoul again.

"Can't they get along without you?" he queried.

"Yes, sir, but I promised Papa, and I must sing it on Easter Day. I expect God will fix some way so Papa can hear me sing. I know he'll want to, and I want to so bad, Doctor Eliot."

"Well, well, if you'll wrap up good, I guess I'll let you go. Maybe I'll be there to hear you, so do your best, old fellow," he said gruffly, as Raoul squeezed his big hand between two tiny palms.

Easter morning dawned clear, bright and beautiful. Some of the fever and throbbing pain seemed to have died out of the life of the great city. Belfry after belfry chimed out the sweet old message to a weary, waiting world, and tired hearts found refuge in the risen Christ.

Raoul found upon his pillow a bunch of snowy magnolia flowers and a little note from his mother:

I sent home for them, dear, so you might have a happy Easter. Try not to be too much pleased with them, for my little boy must be very quiet if he wishes to sing and please his
SWEETHEART.

"I think God likes them better than lilies," Raoul said gently, letting a few

happy tears fall upon the pure, white petals, "so I'll offer Him my beautiful magnolias instead of lilies."

"Just as you like, Raoul," said his mother, wrapping a long scarf about his throat, and beckoning Nancy to take him to the carriage.

"Oh, good Nancy!" he exclaimed joyfully, holding her wrinkled old face close to his own, "we are all going home next week, and it seems just as good as going right up to God—"

"Don't talk dat a-way, honey," said the nurse, tucking the heavy robes about him.

A thrill of admiration ran through the great audience at St. Mark's as Raoul took his place among the lilies and palms, waiting for the last sweet notes of the prelude to die away. He stood like an exquisite picture,—his erect little body clad in black velvet, his head, with its crown of riotous yellow curls, thrown back, his *spirituelle* face glowing with the joy and hope of the Easter time.

Fixing his eyes far above the heads of the waiting congregation, the child's clear soprano rang out with surpassing sweetness and power. A solemn hush fell upon the people as the triumphant song of faith swelled higher and clearer, then died into tenderest tones of pity for earth's bereaved ones. Raoul sang to his father whom he saw listening to him from before the Great White Throne; but the loyal little heart never for one moment forgot the lonely mother sitting in the pew before him. With all the might of his love and pity he was trying to comfort her sore heart.

And standing close beside Thee,
Looking in Thy face so sweet.
We sing—Lord, Thou art risen,
And lay our fragrant blossoms at Thy feet.

The music ceased, and the almost painful attention of the people relaxed. With a sudden startled cry of "Mamma! Come to me!" Raoul fell heavily forward, scattering his precious flowers about him, their crushed petals filling the air with a sickening, tropical odor.

Doctor Eliot hurried down the aisle, but the child's mother, pale and tearless,

was there before him. Gathering the slight form into her arms she looked fiercely down into the little face, which after an instant lighted with a beautiful smile for her.

"You gave us an awful scare, this morning, my little man," said Doctor Eliot, when they reached home.

"I am sorry I did it," said Raoul, "but I thought I was dying and I hadn't said good-bye to Mamma!" The boy's face was very bright as he went on,—"Doctor Eliot, I wish you would let me kiss you good-bye before you go away to-day. I should feel happier about it."

When the doctor had gone, Raoul rested for a little while, then, fixing his great eyes on his mother's face, he said tenderly, "Mamma, I heard what Doctor Eliot said to you the other day, and I cried when you told him how lonesome you would be if God took me away. But I'm glad, Sweetheart, that he said I would have died just as quickly at home as here. You can't think how it would make me feel in Heaven to know that you worried because I didn't die at home."

"Raoul, don't—I *cannot* hear it!" sobbed his mother.

But the even voice went on,—*"You've been the best Sweetheart a little boy ever had, and I hope God will soon send you to Papa and me, for I'll be lonesome until you come. It will be nice to be well always; but I expect it will seem queer, for just think I've been sick all my life. Don't cry, Mamma, please, to-night, and when I've gone to Papa, O, please don't cry then!"*

"I will not, Raoul, and we will have our cozy time to-night, just as we always do, if you are not too tired."

They read, sang and talked together for a while, then the shadows lengthened, daylight died in the room, and when the bells rang for evening service, Raoul went up to lay his life blossom at the Savior's feet.

And the mother?—He who wept at the tomb of His friend is a rarely sweet Comforter, and in the midst of her busy life, which she has dedicated to Christ's little ones, there is always time for the thought—"It may be in the morning He will come."

MABEL'S SLEEVES.

WE MAY laugh at woman's fancy
Which enthrones prodigious sleeves,
But at this extravagancy
Tender lover never grieves.
I'd retain this fashion alway;
It's a style on which I dote,
As I linger in the hallway,
Helping Mabel with her coat.

And I say to her that surely
Sleeves like these were never seen,
But she only smiles demurely
As she answers like a queen,
Letting drop a swift suggestion,—
Music lies in every note,—
Her commands I never question
When I help her with her coat.

When the garment's half adjusted,
And her hands are out of sight,
Oft she finds too much she's trusted,
And I have her pinioned tight.
Girl divine, who could resist her!
So I'm not ashamed to quote
That the chances are I've kissed her
As I helped her with her coat.

Ed. L. Sabin.

THE TRAIL OF THE VAMPIRE.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN LABOR'S WORLD. IV.

BY MAY PHILLIPS TATRO.

THE first the neighbors saw was a covered wagon,—the usual "prairie schooner,"—and it contained the father, the mother and three children. The youngest, a babe of several months, was held close in its mother's arms, and was covered closely with a faded, well-worn shawl that looked as though it had done similar duty for several generations. Their furniture consisted of an old table devoid of paint, two or three chairs, a badly used-up stove and a cord bedstead.

Two disheartened-looking cows were tied to the back end of the "schooner," and a mangy-haired, half-grown colt followed close behind with his head held down disconsolately. The only living thing attached to the new arrivals was a half-grown puppy; and the only reason I can give for the puppy not sharing in the general discomfort is that he had not lived long enough on the earth to learn and realize what it was to fight against odds and come out the loser.

"This is as good a quarter-section as any, aint it, Nancy; don't you think? I'm pretty near sick o' goin' on any further. We'll see about this, anyway, an' if it's all right, why we'll stay and see what we can do here."

The man is leaning against one of the tired horses as he talks to his wife. The two oldest children climb down out of the wagon, and begin to look around at their new quarters with childish curiosity.

"I haint got much courage to begin agin, Sam, but I s'pose we've got to do somethin' or see the children starve. God knows we've come near enough to that now." This is the woman's answer

as her husband takes the baby from her arms so that she can get out of the wagon.

The child moans feebly as he hands it back to her, and the mother's face takes on a shade of anxiety and pallor, added to the weary, disheartened look that shows in the deep lines each side of her nose, in the eyes and the drooping, tired curves of the mouth.

She must have been fair to look upon some time in the past—before care, disappointments and losses left their foot-prints stamped upon her countenance. But now, after riding days and days over the dry, brown prairie, with its dust, its



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winds and the undimmed sun beating down the long day through, with never a spot of shade or a shadow to cool the throbbing brain, and nothing to rest the eyes upon but the same ceaseless reaching out of brown, leathery-colored distance that seemed to the weary woman as though it must at last lose itself away in the depths of the far western ocean which she used to study about, oh, such a long time ago,—after all these tiresome hours, what wonder that her face should be sunburned, that the pores of the skin should be filled with the fine, dry dust, and that little fine wrinkles should cover her face, —though she was still young!

She hushes the moaning baby and, after giving it something from a small bottle which she takes from her pocket, arranges a bed made of an old ragged quilt and some horse-blankets, and places the little one upon it, covering it closely with the old shawl. Then she helps her husband and the children pick up fuel to cook their dinner with.

Presently, as the salt pork, cut in thin slices, frizzles in the frying-pan, and the water begins to boil in the tea-kettle, a neighbor, or one who is to be their neighbor, comes along, and in true Western fashion, says, "Hello," and stops for a little chat with the new comers.

"Think of settlin' here, stranger? Guess this land is all right. Was just wishin' someone would take up this quarter, for neighbors is few and far between here, I tell you. Dry agin' this year, but we've got to put up with it, I s'pose. Goin' to put up a shack, or build a sod shanty?"

"Well, I guess I'll have to call it a sod shanty this year, an' if we get a crop I'll talk about the shack. You see, we had a good farm back in Illinois, an' we was doin' first rate till my wife got sick, and after she got better the children got sick, and then we had a big doctor's bill to pay, and I had to borrow money to pay it; then I lost a good work-horse and had to run in debt for another, and one thing seemed to follow another right along till the first thing I knew I had done some-

thing I said I'd never do, and that was to mortgage my farm. But stranger, I done it, and here I am to-day almost without a cent, as you may say, a family on my hands and our baby sick into the bargain."

"Well, I swan! you have had your share, I should think; but if we git a crop next year, maybe you can pull out all right yet."

"I don't know 'bout that. You see I'll have to pay out what money I've got for things to work with, and that's mighty little, I can tell you, for when a man forecloses on your farm he don't leave you much to begin with. I could have paid off the mortgage if the old rascal had given me half a chance, but he knew it was worth three times as much as I owed him. These money-lenders know what they're about, an' don't you forget it."

"You bet they do, stranger, and you want to keep your eyes peeled out here or they'll git the best of you agin; we've got lots of 'em here, just piles of 'em; 'land sharks,' we call 'em."

Their conversation is interrupted at this juncture by the woman saying, "Dinner's ready; won't you eat with us, neighbor?"

"No; I guess not to-day; my ol' woman'll have dinner ready by the time I git home, an' she'll think the wolves has made a dinner o' me if I don't show up; jest as much obliged, though, as if I'd staid."

The newcomers went to work, built their sod shanty, worked night and day, improved their home as they could,—which was a little at a time but it all told,—and at the end of five years they were ready to prove up.

"We'll have to mortgage the claim, Nancy, to git the money to prove up with; I hate to tackle another mortgage for fear it'll do us up the same as that first one did, but I don't see any other way to do."

The land shark jumps quickly at the chance of loaning money to this man, for he knows him to be a hard-working,

saving farmer, and one who will either pay the money back, with big interest, or make the property worth three times as much as the amount loaned him; and so they take up the burden of a mortgage again at the highest rate of interest, and the interest soon amounts to so much, that, with failure of crops some years, and along with it sickness and bad luck, it is all they can do to pay that alone, without lessening the debt one cent. This goes on for five years longer, and then, one cold, blustering day in January the neighbor who first welcomed this family to their Western home, says to his wife:

"Hadn't you better go down to Smith's and see what you can do for them? Lawyer Jenkins foreclosed the mortgage on their farm yesterday, and Mis' Smith is sick,—got consumption, the doctor says, and can't live longer'n spring,—worked herself to death, poor thing! and now they're goin' to turn 'em off without a cent! Smith says he could have paid the interest another year if they had waited till he could 'a' got away from home long enough to sell two cows and his team,—all the cows he's got, too; and no colts to raise another team. Poor feller! he might as well let it all go

now as later on, for they're bound to have it sooner or later. Blame take these land sharks anyway! They foller a feller up from one state to another jest like a sly, sneekin' snake in the grass. A poor man can't git away from 'em, and the harder he works the better they like it; its more'n I can tell what Smith 'll do,—and he's got five children, too, besides a sick wife. He's past middle age a good way, now, an' after two such failures as he's had he won't have no courage to begin agin,—an' who can blame him if he don't?"

Springtime comes, and the wife and mother is carried out of the sod shanty and left alone on the prairie, under the waving grass. But she finds rest there, sweeter and deeper than she ever knew here. Later on, one sweet April morning, the neighbors see a "prairie schooner" moving slowly westward, followed by two cows and a dog that walks sedately along, not frisking and playing as ten years before, for he, too, though only a dog, has found out some of the sadness life holds in store for all God's creatures. These sadly incomplete lives must surely be rounded out into completeness some other where.



MY FIRST BANQUET.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. I.

By T. S. PARVIN.

THE Territory of Iowa had been separated from that of Wisconsin by an act approved by President Van Buren, June 17, 1838, the act to go into effect on the 4th day of July following.

Robert Lucas, of Ohio, twice Governor of that State, had been appointed by the President Governor of the new Territory. He had but recently arrived in Iowa, taking up his abode at Burlington, which he declared by proclamation, under the organic act, to be the capital of the Ter-

ritory, until such time as the Legislature should provide otherwise by law.

The new Governor was invited by the citizens of Burlington to accept their hospitality and meet them around the banqueting table at such time as he might designate. Having but recently arrived in the Territory he desired to explore it somewhat, and set out for Dubuque and intermediate points. I accompanied him upon this excursion.

On his return he notified the citizens

that he would accept their invitation, and designated the 4th of September following, when he would take much pleasure in meeting the citizens of Burlington and of the Territory who might be present upon that occasion.

I was accustomed in those days, and for some years preceding and since, to keep a diary of events; moreover, I was quite expert at shorthand writing (an art I had learned while a student at a law school in Cincinnati), and from the entries then made I am enabled now to present some of the facts in connection with that event.

I recall the fact that it was on a Tuesday afternoon, a pleasant September day in 1838, when about a hundred of the leading citizens of Burlington met at the Burlington House, then the leading hotel of the city and of the Territory, kept by L. J. Lockwood whose widow, later, as the wife of J. T. Fales, first Auditor of Iowa, became conspicuous for her valued service rendered during the late War as an efficient member of the Woman's Corps for the relief of the soldiers in the field.

Colonel Cyrus S. Jacobs, formerly of Pennsylvania, who had been appointed by President Van Buren District Attorney for Iowa, presided, assisted by Colonel George H. Beeler, mayor of the city, as vice-president. Military titles were as common in Iowa in those days as later in War times. The proverbial thirteen toasts were regularly announced, the third being to the "ex-Presidents of the United States—the memory of the Illustrious Dead—the health of the Illustrious Living."

In announcing this, the president, who was an able and eloquent man, took occasion to address the assembled hosts and guest, explaining the purpose for which the company had met, sanctioned, he said, by usage from time immemorial; it was a custom which had its rise in the heart and went to the heart, equally gratifying to the bestower and the bestowed. There was, the speaker said, a merit in rewarding merit, an honor in

doing honor, and to this merit and reward those whom he addressed might safely lay claim. Then in a most happy and eloquent manner he alluded to the long and faithful public service of their distinguished guest, Robert Lucas, the first Governor of Iowa, celebrated for his services in the tented field as in the cabinet. His name was identified with the history of Ohio, as it has since been with Iowa, the executive chair of which great State he had ably filled for four years, and to the service of which in its legislative halls he had devoted nineteen years, being for many of them the President of the State Senate; and in conclusion he stated that the sentiment he was about to offer had reference to the volunteer services he had rendered to his country in the War of 1812. And here I am pleased to note the fact that the commission issued to him by President Madison as a captain of a company of Ohio militia volunteers in the service of the United States has recently been resuracted by a grandson of the Governor (Charles Neally) and presented to the Iowa Historical Department at Des Moines. It is well preserved and an interesting relic of earlier days both of Iowa and Ohio. At the conclusion of his remarks Colonel Jacobs announced his toast:

"Our Distinguished Guest,—we honor him as a gallant soldier in war; we honor him as an enlightened legislator and magistrate in peace; and we honor him for his virtues as a private citizen."

The welcome which the new Governor received was manifested in the hearty cheering and applause which followed the announcement of this toast, and when it had subsided Governor Lucas rose and returned his thanks to the company in a neat and pertinent speech in which he remarked that the occasion had made an impression of the most favorable character on his mind, and he was at a loss for words to acknowledge it. When he received his commission, which came to him unsought, as Governor of Iowa, he knew but little of the Territory, but supposed

that her population was the same as generally found in frontier settlements, hospitable but rude. During his brief sojourn of a few weeks he had found himself in this respect most agreeably disappointed. For intelligence and enterprise it was his expressed and firm conviction that Iowa Territory would compare with any of the Western and many of the Eastern States in the high character of her people. With a people of this character it would be his greatest pleasure to coöperate in the forming of laws calculated to secure them in the exercise of their political rights, to develop the resources of their country and secure the prompt and easy administration of justice.

The Governor, whom I knew intimately well, was a plain-spoken man, truthful in all his utterances but without the graces of the natural or cultivated orator; yet his words rang out with a meaning appreciated by all who heard him. At its conclusion he also gave a sentiment which is characteristic of the man, "the noblest Roman of them all," and there were many noble men assembled upon that occasion. It was in these words:

"The Citizens of Iowa—hospitable, intelligent and enterprising—may their energies be united in support of such measures as are best calculated to advance the interests of the Territory, promote virtue, increase intelligence and secure the lasting prosperity and happiness of the people."

Some of the regular toasts following this were to:

"The Governor of Wisconsin," from which Territory Iowa had so recently been separated.

"Iowa Territory—the last in political existence—she will soon verify the saying 'the last shall be first.'"

"Iowa and Wisconsin—Education"; which shows that the committee in charge of the preparation of the regular toasts had a wise thought of the early future, as they recognized in Education the smoother of the asperities of society

and the foremost pillar of our civil institutions.

"The Preëmption System—a measure not of favor to the settlers but of justice."

The people of Iowa to-day, as of the states east of us, excepting the few pioneers remaining, know little of what the "preëmption" system was. It was a favorite Democratic measure of that day. When first introduced into Congress it met with the hearty opposition of Daniel Webster, the leading statesman of his age, but after he had visited his son (Fletcher) in the West (then a resident of Illinois), and observed the working of the system, he went back to Congress a thorough convert and became as hearty in its support, and largely through his influence the recommendation of the President became a law of the land and the pioneer settler was enabled through the land office of the Government to preëempt his land and save it from entry by the speculators who were ever on the alert to wrest from the honest toilers the acres they had broken and the cabins they had erected upon them.

We were even then smelling from afar trouble in regard to our southern border, and so we find a toast to—

"The State of Missouri—may she ever prosper *within her own limits*, but not in ours."

The pioneers of Iowa will recall the fact that Missouri laid claim to a strip of several miles in width bordering upon our southern boundary line, and that to the firmness and wisdom of Governor Lucas are our people of Iowa to-day indebted for the fact that we maintained our rights in that disputed Territory, and that by a subsequent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States the title was vested permanently in Iowa.

There was a toast to "The First Legislature Assembled," or rather about to convene, which cautioned them in the discharge of their duties not to forget an acknowledged axiom that "the world is governed too much."

It seems strange to add that after the

lapse of more than half a century a recent Governor of Iowa, in his inaugural address as well as his annual message, cautioned the Legislature assembled not to forget this same axiom. This saying was placed as a maxim at the head of the old *Washington Globe*, edited by Blair and Rives, two most noted editors of their day, and which was the organ of the administration of that grand old Roman, General Andrew Jackson.

A toast to "The Constitution of the United States" followed; and then, last but not least, the thirteenth, to "The Ladies of Iowa—

'Orient pearls at random strung,'—

and there was as much truth as poetry in the sentiment, for the ladies in Iowa at that early day bore a very small proportion to those of the sterner sex.

When the regular toasts had been concluded and some responses to them, volunteer toasts came in order, some of which had a significance in their application not only to the times but to the future. General A. C. Dodge, who had recently been appointed Register of the United States Land Office at Burlington, was unable to attend. His absence was the only one among the prominent Territorial and United States officers of the day. He sent as a toast this statement, so pregnant of the settlers' policy:

"The exclusive right of the actual and *bona fide* settler to purchase his home at the minimum price of the public lands. May he who disbelieves it be denied the possession of power or means, and he who disregards it be punished."

Two months later, in November, 1838, the first land sales took place, when there was found one, and but one, who disregarded this idea, and he was promptly punished. Overbidding the actual and *bona fide* settler, he was promptly knocked down, and but for the intervention of the friends of "law and order" his life would have been the forfeit of his trespass upon the rights of the settler.

It was in this way, and at that early day, that General Dodge brought him-

self in close contact with the people and to himself their love and affection, which followed him through an honored and useful life.

My associate of that day in the Governor's office was Jesse Williams, otherwise known as "Colonel" Williams, and as Secretary of the Territory of Iowa during its last years, when James Clarke, who had been Secretary, succeeded Governor Chambers, and became the third and last Governor of the Territory. My friend, like myself, was quite a young man and unused to public speaking. He was to give the following toast:

"Iowa Territory.—" As he had committed it to memory and repeated it so often in my hearing, I had learned to know it also. In his embarrassment he stopped and repeated the two words over and again, when, turning to me in his embarrassment, he said, "Parvin, finish this for me." I rose and repeated the balance,— "unsurpassed in the fertility of her soil, her resources endless,— may her public functionaries be actuated alone by the purest and most elevated principle of patriotism in preparing her for a future State.

The conclusion of this toast, embodying a similar idea to those which had preceded it, shadowing forth the views of those present in regard to the progress of Iowa and its destiny in the near future. My friend was called upon for a speech, but he was unable to respond, when the company called upon me as his substitute, so I rose and gave the following sentiment:

"Iowa Territory,"— though younger than my friend, I had no difficulty in finishing the toast, and so added,— "the youngest daughter of our common parent, fast ripening to womanhood, she will soon be ready for union." Upon this I made my maiden speech in Iowa, and portrayed as best I was able a picture of Iowa as a State, as we then believed soon to be realized; but eight years passed ere we attained the fruition of our hopes.

At the banquet there were some who afterwards became distinguished in the

history of the government of the State, as governors, presidents of constitutional conventions, members of the legislature, and historians of Iowa.

The principal speech of the occasion was made by General Van Antwerp, "Receiver of Public Moneys," and intimately associated in the land office with General Dodge. He had graduated from West Point, was a gentleman of liberal education, accustomed to public speaking, and his address was one of interest and of instruction to those who heard it.

He had preceded Governor Lucas in coming to the Territory and therefore felt that as one of the citizens he could bid a welcome to the first chief magistrate, and, after speaking of him and his services in elegant terms, he spoke of the duties of the hour and portrayed the future as it would likely appear, the result of the wise administration of the new governor and the outgrowth of the laws which the coming legislature might enact for the welfare of the people. He took occasion, as did Governor Lucas in his first message, to speak of the value of a well-organized "system of common schools," of the necessity of economy in the administration, and then made a statement that has since become more famous as having been uttered by President Cleveland, that "Iowa is an agricultural State." The cause of agriculture, said General Van Antwerp, was second to none other save that of the education of her sons, and hardly even secondary to it; and that, with the two in a healthy and flourishing condition, the citizens of Iowa had nothing to fear and everything to hope, as upon their united prosperity would depend that

of every calling and profession and the perpetuity of our free institutions.

How well and wisely our people have since acted upon these suggestions is made manifest in the wonderful prosperity which has attended their efforts in the upbuilding of the great State, second to none other in the Union. He concluded his lengthy and eloquent remarks with a sentiment embodying the substance of what he had said, and with it the exercises of the hour were brought to a close:

"Iowa — May her maturity fully realize the bright prospects of her most promising infancy, and, to insure this, may her first and her unceasing care be directed to education and agriculture as the most certain and imperishable basis upon which to erect her future prosperity and renown, and her continued adherence to liberal principles."

Only a few years more than half a century have passed since that delightful afternoon in early fall, and yet, as I look over the names I then recorded of those who were present, *not one of them remains among the living.*

The recollections and the memories of that early event have often come to mind and with them I have brought into view my recollection of the personages then first brought together to do the public a service. It is to another and a later generation that I now speak; and to them much, very much, of the interest of the recital will be lost, in that they know only from history those who participated in the banquet, a sketch of which I have here given in order that a part, at least, of the history of that formative period may not be irrevocably lost.

REWARD.

THERE'S fame for him who scales the walls
Of fortress strong or parapet;
There's wealth for him who reck's not falls;
In Mammon's wars, that scars beget;
There's praise for him who ne'er relents,
But wanton seems to tempt the fates;
Is there for him no recompense
Who does the best he can — and waits?

Roy Farrell Greene.

ON THE OCEAN, HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XXIII.

ON SHIPBOARD again, and headed this time toward home! That word "home" now has for us a larger meaning than it had when we set sail from New York. It now means not alone the square walls which include all that is most dear in life; nor does it reach its outermost limit of meaning when it includes the community dearest to us. Even state boundaries cannot limit it, for it has grown with every day's experience and observation abroad, until now it includes the land of our birth in its entirety, the land of our hopes, our desires and our aspirations.

All forenoon there was much commotion at the Cunard company's dock in Liverpool. Dray after dray arrived loaded with baggage, and the rattle of trucks was something fearful. Along with the first load of baggage go the steerage passengers. They crowd the deck of the river steamer that is to take them over the bar to the Umbria, which lies at anchor below. Such waving of handkerchiefs! And those outbursts of tears! It is a sad sight. There are partings which in many instances are inevitably forever, so far as relates to earth and time, partings which wring some measure of remaining life from out old hearts and bring hot and fast-falling tears from eyes long unused to weeping.

There is this difference between the average steerage passenger bound for the Old World and one bound for the New. The first named is on his way to his old home on a visit or to spend the remainder of his days with his kindred; the other is starting out in the world to seek his fortune, not intending soon to return. The steerage is rarely crowded on the voyage from New York to Liverpool; it generally swarms with humanity on the voyage to the New World. The departure of the large and important steerage contingent

from Liverpool or Southampton is therefore an event of a life-time with hundreds on shipboard and on shore.

The steamer returns for its second load and the confusion begins again. The gang-plank is let down and the saloon passengers pass on one by one. The pathetic partings are not so numerous, for the passengers are largely tourists and business men. Viewing them in mass they look about the same as the "job lot" of humanity consigned to the steerage, only that they are more fashionably dressed and in many ways less interesting.

After much blowing of whistles, the steamer noisily pushes out and down the Mersey. The Umbria takes us all in, sorts out our baggage for us, assigns us to our respective state-rooms, and gives us our dinner.

It is a delightful night. The air has a summer softness. The moon, at first dimmed by the glory of the setting sun, mounts her throne and, now undisputed, proceeds to rule the night. The sea is so becalmed that the great shaft of yellow light shot forth from the moon is scarcely broken by a ripple upon its surface.

Sunday morning is clear and bright. St. George's Channel is passed. The ocean is strangely becalmed. "Fore-runner of a nawsty storm," says an old Englishman, with the air of a man who carries his own weather bureau with him.

After speeding along the rugged coast of Ireland several hours, we enter the harbor at Queenstown. During our stay of four hours or more the steamer takes on tons of mail, large part of it forwarded from London, Southampton and the Continent.

Queenstown has a pretty harbor. The city rises, street above street, from the docks, and the hills apparently shut it out from the world. It looks as though a

tidal wave might some day carry the whole town off into the sea. The bay is well protected by two forts on opposite sides of the narrow entrance.

All Sunday afternoon our ship's course is along the coast. Rocky cliffs and bleak, uninhabited hills standing out against a dome of cloudless blue, with myriad sea-gulls hovering near the shore, — this, in outline, is the picture we retain.

Well on toward night we sail between the mainland and Fastnet. This well-known point, from which incoming steamers are sighted and by cable announced, is a barren, rocky island, near the coast, upon which stands a lighthouse. The ledge of rock which here rises above the surface evidently stretches a long distance out into the sea; for, while the ocean is elsewhere without a ripple, far to the south of the island can be noted a line of white-capped waves, diminishing with the distance. The Needles are passed. When the sun goes down the horizon is not broken by a single object. The vision includes a vast expanse of dark blue, upon which rests a great vault of lighter blue.

As the sun's rays recede and the darkness grows, and the moon reasserts her power and her attendant stars come out one by one, a sense of the solitude, silence and limitless immensity of the universe comes upon us. Like the amazed and bewildered Psalmist, beholding in the heavens and in the sea the work of God's hands, we feel the impulse to "worship and bow down." From this point of observation how little worth the effort seem the Old World strivings for decorations and recognition by the titled few, and how unsatisfying the mad race for wealth and preferment in our own New World!

For a time a thin layer of cloud obscures the lower hemisphere of the moon. The pink of the setting sun and the golden glory of the rising moon, reflected upon the glassy blue of the ocean, together creates a scene so gorgeous that even the boldest impressionist might well hesitate before attempting its interpretation.

The moon's track of light is crossed a mile away by an east-bound Cunarder. We can tell it by the strip of red around its black smoke-stacks. A signal of rockets from the Umbria's stern is answered by a shower of rockets.

The night is glorious. The decks are thronged. Gayety everywhere prevails. Who says "a sea voyage is at best disagreeable"!

But while the upper deck is enjoying itself, the lower deck is the place where real fun abounds. We stand a long time looking over the railing down upon the gay crowd below. The steerage is full of music, as well as fun. Early in the evening the entertainment is a quartette of ordinary voices, evidently come together for the first time. Later, it is a lively chorus of Irish singers. As the darkness deepens, the impressionable sons and daughters of Erin pass by easy transitions from the rollicking song and break-down to soul-moving ballads, sung in minor key and with a rich Celtic accent. These songs, part of the home life of every Irish family, seem, to one who recalls the sad history of that people, like a lament over the past greatness and glory of Ireland.

Another glorious night for sleep. We are awakened at 7:00 Monday morning by the sailors' "Heave oh!" or, rather, "Eave ho!" A strong breeze has arrived from the north and our sails are spreading to catch and utilize its force.

Soon we feel a heavy swell and we know the test of our seamanship is upon us. Many succumb at once. A surprisingly large number either retreat to the cabin or ignominiously surrender to the deck steward. The deck is pretty well covered with men and women lying almost at full length in steamer chairs, their faces in all shades of sea-sick hues, from pale and gray to green! Our little party of two divides equally on the question of surrender, but I am under promise not to tell who has the affirmative side.

The day is splendid, clear and cool, with a strong wind in our face. The steamer pitches, but happily refuses to roll at the same time. Tuesday dupli-

cates Monday, with more of wind and wave. Wednesday we are alarmed by the continuous blowing of the ship's fog-horn. We rush to the nearest port-hole to find that we are enveloped in fog. The ocean is again becalmed, as if the weight of clouds resting upon it had flattened out the waves and forced a calm. Nearly all day the fog-horn blows regularly, once a minute, every whistle making the air tremble with its force. To some not yet recovered from sea-sickness it is almost unbearable. But most of us become accustomed to the sound.

The effects of fog and sunlight in mid-ocean can never be forgotten. The banks of cloud seem illuminated and about to dissolve—and yet they strangely hold their own against the fierce rays of the sun!

But the strangest effect is caused by great open spaces, which look like immense lakes banked by snow-covered hills. Through one and another of these cloud-banks our steamer pushes its way, emerging into one lake scarcely large enough to turn around in, and another extending many miles in all directions. At such times the fog-horn gives the passengers a rest.

The remaining three days of the voyage are free from storm, in marked contrast with our outward journey. The weather is continuously delightful.

A strong head-wind has driven the fog away and put vigor into everybody except the hopelessly seasick.

One afternoon a whale is sighted ahead. It creates a sensation. As it blows great volumes of spray far upward it settles again the old question whether the whale spouts a double fountain of water or only spray caused by contact of air with the surface water. We are also entertained by a lively school of porpoises going through their afternoon gymnastics.

By the time we have been several days at sea, the people, who at first all looked alike, begin to tell their own different stories in their respective faces. The pretty but blondined flirt, with an accommodat- ing mother who in her time has herself

served an apprenticeship at flirting; the old roué, whom wise mothers with unwise daughters try hard to avoid; the tailor-made gentleman who daily appears with an entire change of costume, but in the same dull program; the traveled couple who have been there many times before and are surprised at nothing; the too effusive, and the too exclusive,—all are here, and are unconsciously telling us their life history.

The most noticeable and yet most modest man who walks the deck is one P. Chunder Mazoomdar, a preacher of the Bramo-Somaj sect in India. His splendid head and thoughtful face tell of rare intellectuality. On the trip he has given two lectures on India to large and delighted audiences. His rich satire on the English and Americans, whom he seems to know very well, is much commented upon, but, in the main, its force is frankly admitted. Speaking of his society's likeness to Christians, he says its members are even ready to take the name "Christian," as soon as those who now bear that name are ready to drop present theological differences and come together in one faith.

Another interesting man whose acquaintance we make on the voyage is Engineer Tomlinson, the hero of the Umbria disaster of a few years ago. He invites us into his office and shows us some photographs of the broken shaft, which for days he held together by skillful and laborious use of such machinist's tools as in the emergency he could command. He retells the story of those anxious days and sleepless nights, and then, with almost blushing bashfulness, details the attempts of the ladies on board to make a hero of him, and of the New York press to spoil him. Tomlinson is a giant of a man. He must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. He says the girls used to call him good looking, but he's been through too much to hold his looks. His curly hair is thinning and growing gray. His swarthy face beams with intelligence and good nature and suggests the tremendous brain, will

and nerve-power which the accident revealed.

A grand concert for the benefit of a Sailors' Home Society makes our last night on ship-board delightful. The concert develops all grades of talent, from minstrel and comedy songs up to oratorio music.

As we near New York the sea becomes freely dotted with sails and smoke-stacks. Two pilot boats vainly pursue us for the purpose of piloting us into the bay. The gamblers on board make bets on the number of the boat that shall overhaul us. The act of taking on board the pilot in a heavy swell is one of much interest. All breathe freer when we see our man safely climb the rope ladder and step on board.

I am fortunate in securing from the pilot one of a half-dozen New York dailies three days old. The papers are passed around and read till they are worn out in the service.

We are gratefully surprised on learning that while we were sailing over serene seas, a terrific cyclone had swept along the Atlantic coast and over the ocean, destroying many lives and much property.

"Land!" is the cry that greets us on the morning of our seventh day out. There before us on our right is the long stretch of low land, called Sandy Hook.

The interest becomes intense, the English eager to see the New World which somehow slipped away from their ancestors, the returning Americans overjoyed at the thought that, the perils of the deep all past, they are soon to set foot upon American soil again, and clasp hands with loved ones who, while they were on the other side, seemed so far away.

The Narrows are passed. The health officer is taken on board and goes through his formal inspection. The custom house officers are given a chance to do their worst—and they do it, keeping men and women in line for hours, waiting for an opportunity to "declare."

What an inspiring sight that is which unfolds little by little as the steamer sails up New York Bay! There is nothing we have seen upon the other side which can compare with the approaches to our great *entrepot*, in their extent, in completeness of protection and in beauty of situation. And what a fleet that is which daily gathers and daily disperses in New York Bay! Past us vessels steam, bound for nearly every great port in the world. One is bound for "Frisco," "round the Horn," another is headed for Melbourne, Australia; Genoa claims another; and so on to the end.

Far up the harbor comes a leviathan coursing seaward. Its jet black hulk, white painted masts and rigging, and the bright red stripe around its smoke-stacks tell us it is the new Cunarder, the "Lucania," whose record now beats the world. We give a cheer as it steams by, and her passengers give us a hearty response.

After we pass the forts that guard the entrance to the harbor, one point of interest after another reveals itself, the Liberty statue, the Brooklyn bridge, the skyscraping buildings of New York, Long Island and Staten Island, villas and villages, and then those miles of docks and shipping which tell their own marvelous tale of our chief seaport's importance and of our country's greatness.

We land. Friends sight us among the crowd and wave a welcome home. The long drawbridge is adjusted and, single file, we make our way on shore, and into the hands of the custom house inspector,—who, by the way, is rarely as dangerous as he seems. Taking a last look at the outgoing passengers, we see the East Indian preacher, Mazoomdar, timidly and confusedly gliding down the gangplank, and, knowing by recent experience something of his feelings amid unfamiliar surroundings, we are all the more thankful that we are "home at last."

THE NEED OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

BY FRANK IRVING HERRIOTT.*

ONE of the most effective means hit upon by the wiser philanthropists of the present generation in their strenuous and praiseworthy efforts to lessen vice and degradation in our great cities, to improve the social conditions of the poor in their crowded centers by making their life more attractive, has been the establishment of social clubs and common resorts where the men, women and children of those districts can congregate of an afternoon and evening. These clubs—some capacious and well ordered, like the People's Palace and Toynbee Hall in London, some like Andover House in Boston, the East Side, Rivington Street and College Settlements in New York, and Hull House in Chicago, some mere mission centers and others simply plain halls—provide places where workingmen and youth, women and girls can go and spend a pleasant, profitable evening reading, looking at magazines, books, papers, or playing games, or chatting with friends, or listening to lectures, speeches, concerts or other forms of entertainment. These places make life immeasurably pleasanter for the hard worked laborer amid dismal and depressing surroundings. He obtains great and lasting enjoyment from such opportunities and at the same time he is removed from degrading associations.

These "social club houses"—strictly supervised and all rough, boisterous amusements prohibited, but where great freedom is, nevertheless, permitted those resorting thither—reduce immensely the temptations surrounding the laborer's life. Everyone who has worked among the poor of our great cities or studied and observed their life and conditions knows that one of the greatest and ever active causes making for the degradation of the poor is the utter monotony and humdrum character of life in the midst of their dis-

agreeable surroundings. Those who are rich or well-to-do and have, probably, never seen, let alone felt, the pinch of poverty, can scarce appreciate the terrible sameness that makes the life of the poor in a crowded district so intolerable. The people, young and old, have practically no opportunities for pleasant and improving social life. Their homes are miserable hovels or close, crowded one, two or three room apartments in some immense tenement house. They live in a "slum district" or in dismal parts of cities where there is nothing in the way of parks, or playgrounds, or reputable places for them to spend their leisure hours in helpful and healthful recreation. Their own homes and surroundings are intolerable to them. They simply must get away from them and seek pleasanter places and companions. The only place for them to go to is the street or the saloon or the dive where boon companions congregate. We have here the chief cause of the "gangs" that one is constantly meeting on the streets in the large cities. It is for these "gangs"—coteries of boys and girls and full grown men and women—that Andover and Hull houses provide suitable meeting places; where the surroundings, books, papers, magazines, art work, music, lectures, good light and opportunities to really enjoy oneself in a decent way, lessen the temptations and elevate the lives of our city poor.

If these things are true for the inhabitants of the congested districts of our great cities, they are true, though not to such a great degree, for those living in most of the towns and cities of our western states. Few of our cities have such notorious slums as are found in Chicago and New York with all of the

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frightful poverty that prevails in them. But life for thousands of men, women and youth dwelling in the villages, towns and cities of this vast midland region, whose incomes are meager and whose opportunities for individual and social improvement are few, is terribly dreary in prospect and in actuality. The conditions in which the majority of the poor and the well-to-do working men live in our western communities, while immeasurably better than in the eastern cities, are yet generally lacking those opportunities for elevating social life and for improvement which make existence a pleasure to the rich and well-to-do middle classes. The only meeting places where old and young men spend their evenings "down town" after a hard day's work are street corners, drug stores and grocery stores, barber shops, restaurants, hotels and lodging houses, bar rooms, livery stable offices, billiard halls and pool rooms and saloons. They must either meet their companions on the streets and wander about here and there with them on our thoroughfares, or resort to these places or stay at home, or in their rooms.

None of these conditions or alternatives present very pleasant prospects to people whose home surroundings are dismal and depressing and whose desire to get with congenial companions to escape the humdrum sameness of town life is irrepressible. We have here precisely the same problem that confronts those who have been working toward the elevation of the social life of the poor in our great industrial centers. It is the provision of suitable places where the people of our midland towns and cities can resort to and spend an afternoon, half-holiday or evening amid surroundings that remove the temptations to rowdiness and vice and that give opportunities for them to meet friends and indulge in simple pastime games or to pass the time in reading or in other helpful ways.

To anyone who has given the slightest attention to the ways in which the life of the average man is passed in our towns and cities there will be no doubt of the

great and growing need of social club rooms, in the largest and best sense of the words, for satisfying this want so universally experienced among all classes. Look upon it as we may, it is a fact we cannot dodge, or get over, or ignore. The desire for companionship in the case of nine young men out of ten is an irresistible longing which will be satisfied one way or another, in an open and approved manner or in a clandestine and degrading fashion. Recognizing these common characteristics and the conditions in which they manifest themselves in western town life, it becomes a matter of great moment to all who are interested in the well-being of their fellows how best to provide for the legitimate satisfaction of these desires and at the same time promote the general social life and improve the tone of society. We have here a problem worthy our best thought and most serious concern.

Many, perhaps the great majority, will scout the preceding observations. Many will declare them wholly untrue. Many will deny that they represent the general conditions of life among the well-to-do working classes. They will admit that possibly the descriptions are true of exceptional localities. Some will point out that hundreds of men and youth "go down town" and loaf around stores and saloons when there are churches and church parlors, prayer meetings, Young Men's Christian Association rooms and other similar places where they could go to and spend their spare time if they only wanted to do so. But they do not care to go to these places; they cannot be induced to go to them; consequently it is their own fault and they have no one to blame but their own perverse selves. Others will say that even if you had places for the people to assemble in they would not resort thither and there is no use putting forth efforts and worrying one's life out trying to provide suitable places for those who do not and will not care for them. Finally, there is no "social club house" or any other one institution or establish-

ment that will come anywhere near filling up the measure of wants experienced by those whom you wish to help.

Let us examine these objections and see if they are well taken, and, if so, whether or not they form serious obstacles to the promotion and ultimate realization of a scheme, which I shall outline subsequently, that will provide the greatly needed facilities of a social settlement or club house for the great numbers of people who are unable, out of their own funds, to furnish them for themselves.

Take any average town or city in Iowa, Illinois or Nebraska, with a population ranging from five hundred to twenty-five thousand people, or even more, and let us canvass the opportunities afforded young men whereby they may improve themselves in their leisure hours by reading, study or gymnastic exercises, or in pleasant and profitable amusements and associations.

Let us place ourselves for the moment in the position of a total stranger—a young man of good habits who wishes to improve his time in study or healthful recreation or amusement. What kind of a prospect will greet him? A most uninviting one. He knows no one outside of the immediate "set" or "crowd" in which he works. He may or may not belong to a church. But the church and its various services offer no opportunities for him to spend his time in reading or study. Their libraries are, with rare exceptions, miserable collections of wishy-washy books that do as much harm as good; and besides they are filled with books intended mostly for children. Still further, it is only on Sunday and the regular prayer-meeting nights that a church takes young people away from home or off the streets. So that the church does little towards affording actual amusement or places for reading and recreation. In all the large eastern cities at the present time the rich churches are establishing what has come to be known as "institutional churches" where night schools and classes, literary societies and reading rooms are arranged for

and conducted with great success. All this is out of the question with the churches of small cities and towns. These churches simply cannot supply all the wants of the people. This, however, is on the supposition that the people, irrespective of creed, would take advantage of such opportunities if a church could offer them. But every church would have to offer such privileges, as only the members and immediate friends of a church would feel free to go to them.

But there are hundreds of young men who do not like to go to church, who will not go to church or prayer-meeting, nor associate themselves with any organization connected with churches, who are nevertheless honest, upright, virtuous and right-minded. Many believe this impossible; but they labor under a grievous error of judgment. Our stranger may perchance not want to attend church and attend church socials and mingle entirely with this or that church following. What else is there for him? He may join a secret society or lodge. But this will not give him what he wants. He can get no books to read or place to spend his evenings in except on the one bi-weekly lodge night. He may be able to get into some local reading circle or club; but it is not likely that a stranger working in a shop will soon make acquaintances whose influence will get him the requisite entrée. Even these do not offer him what he wants, a quiet place to go to, books to read at will, and papers to look over as fancy may lead him.

What is a young man to do? He does not want to "go down town" and loaf about some store and pass his time in the well-known haunts. He cannot stand it to stay in his room which is unbearable to him with its silence and perhaps dreary furnishings. Get away from it and his own disconsolate meditations he simply must. He may wander about on the streets in pleasant weather; but this resource is shut off in cold and rainy seasons. And, what is chiefly to the point here, he fails to get what he wants all of the time—a reputable place to go

to where he can study, read or indulge in pleasant amusements. The only alternative given eight young men out of ten is to go to any one of the numerous sanhedrims of wit and wisdom that nightly assemble in grocery stores, restaurants, hotels, barber shops and other places and spend his leisure hours amid the fumes of tobacco smoke, emulate expectorating experts in stale stories and dismal and disgusting comments on men and women and finally to leave the place at a late hour, ashamed of things he has heard and said and of the wasting of a whole afternoon or evening in vain talk and foolish thinking and mere dawdling.

This lack of opportunities and facilities to enjoy profitably his spare time in reading and in the elevating and stimulating environment of good magazines and papers, good lights and pleasant companions and surroundings, which confronts the stranger and drives him in desperation to the street and the haunts of loafers, confronts in almost the same degree those who have grown up in our western towns. The house of the average man is not, as a rule, blessed with a variety of wholesome and engaging books, papers and magazines, with bright lights and cheerful fires, with quiet and order so that young men would greatly prefer staying at home evenings, reading, studying or passing the hours in other beneficial ways. Usually the laborer's home is a small house; the rooms are small and few in number; the furnishings are scanty and generally dingy; the lights are poor and insufficient, and in the winter there is usually but one stove from which heat is given out to warm the house, and that is in the kitchen. Children are usually numerous and predominate; and their running about and racket, their cries and complaints make it impossible for anyone to obtain that quiet so necessary to enjoyable reading and meditation. Cross and surly parents may suppress the noise and quell disturbances; but their stern presence and moroseness make homes uncongenial places for young men who long for pleasant companions or quiet places

where they may pursue their reading at pleasure and without embarrassment. Boys after the age of twelve, entering upon man's estate, will not stay around where parents are ugly, silent, uncommunicative. They desire and will have congenial companions, and will leave the home fireside and go down town unless prevented by fear or compulsion.

But even for those who live in good circumstances, the opportunities for obtaining books, papers and periodicals and a place to spend an evening, that is both a reputable and a common resort, is just as hard to find in our midland towns as it is for the poor lad and the young man whose days are filled with toil. They may or may not have a goodly selection of books and magazines in their own homes. The likelihood is that they have but a few. But, even where they have, they do not care to stay at home every night. They want to resort to the common rendezvous of their companions. They may, and usually do, belong to a certain "class" or clique, and they have their "parties" and dances and "socials," and manage to put in a good deal of time in this way. But they cannot have something of this kind every evening, and there are many nights when they hardly know what to do with themselves. But even if they could, they would soon tire of the everlasting round of social functions. To the young man who would improve himself if he had the chance, there is nothing that he tires of so quick as the usual "social" diversions common in the ordinary town. Only as an occasional change does he enjoy "socials," etc. Book clubs and reading circles frequently are formed with good results, but they seldom thrive more than one or two winters.

These are facts and conditions that we have to reckon with, whether we will or not. Parents with boys past the age of twelve are driven to their wits' ends to discover ways in which to direct their varying and vagrant desires and to satisfy their innate longing for congenial companionship in a beneficial manner. Everyone who cares anything for the welfare of

his fellows cannot but regret these things. He cannot but deplore the constant sight of young men wandering about the streets, congregating in "down town" resorts, wasting their time in mere dawdling, permitting their intellects to rust and their characters to weaken amid associations that vary all the way from the most inane to the vicious and degrading. He cannot but be sorely impressed with the grievous lack, in nearly every village, town and city in the West, of proper places where a young man who desires to improve himself and employ his leisure time profitably and pleasantly can go and obtain books and be given a chance to get away from the street and its associations. Here is a problem worthy one's most serious study and demanding the most strenuous endeavors in devising and realizing a scheme that will lessen these temptations, if not do away with them, and provide suitable opportunities for those who do not have the means to acquire them.

Among all the plans, projects, panaceas and schemes proposed nowadays to improve the lot of man and make life more attractive and enjoyable there is one that comes nearer meeting this growing need in our midland towns and cities than any other. This is the Public Library in the largest and most modern sense of the term.

The "model" public library, in these days, comprehends vastly more than it did not many years ago. It means now a complex or combination of several closely connected institutions or instrumentalities that serve to promote social welfare. It no longer signifies, as it used in days gone by, a place full of books, where one might possibly go and obtain a chance glimpse of them, and very rarely get them out for private perusal at home. The model town and city library of to-day means an ample, commodious building where one will find books of all descriptions, in numbers running up into the thousands, duly catalogued, which can be taken out for one or two weeks at discretion and under

proper regulations. It contains a large and cheerful reading room, with racks full of papers, magazines, periodicals, provided with chairs and settees, so that one can comfortably pass an afternoon or evening reading or looking leisurely at illustrated books and papers amid quiet and cheerful surroundings. Beside the stack-room and reading room it contains other rooms, where evening classes may be held, or where young men may indulge in quiet games, such as chess, checkers, crokinole, halma and other suitable games. Prominently connected with the modern city library is the lecture or concert hall, where organ recitals, extension lectures, speeches and any other form of reputable entertainment may be given. These are especially noticeable features of the magnificent libraries established by Mr. Carnegie's generosity here and there over the country. Provision is also made for art collections, sculpture, painting and valuable curios, manuscripts, coins, relics and other rarities. Last, but by no means least in importance, is to be mentioned the setting apart of a room for athletics, where all the necessary appliances of a well-ordered gymnasium, like clubs, chest-weights, bars, dumb-bells, rings and ropes, ladders, rowing-machines, etc., are provided, and young fellows can work off their surplus animal spirits or take much-needed exercise in order to keep their bodily strength in proper trim and vigor. All these things are necessary nowadays to the making of a model town and city library. They make it in very truth a "social club house" of the best sort. And the erection in any town or city, and the endowment with funds sufficient to maintain all of these various facilities, means untold and immeasurable blessings to the community that falls heir to such a public library.

Consider for a moment what such an institution would mean to the people of any average western town in which the conditions of life already described prevail. The youth or young man whose mind and desires run to sober things and

studious ways would no longer need to walk the streets or loaf around stores to while away the evening hours. He would have a place to go to where the surroundings are not only pleasant but conducive to the best mental and moral habits. Here he could read or study or listen to a concert or speech or receive instruction from a lecturer. Here he could bring a friend and indulge in games; or with a number of boon companions he could resort to the gymnasium and spend the time in healthful and exhilarating exercise, running, boxing, jumping, in handball and other athletic sports. The rules and regulations of such a place prevent all rowdiness, and the result is that those who assemble at this social club house leave for their rooms at ten or half-past ten in the evening not only not degraded by their evening out and ashamed of what they have heard and done, but refreshed and improved in body and mind in every way. The library and its facilities have made better citizens of them all.

Let anyone go into a city library in the afternoon and evening, particularly Saturday, and watch the interesting throng he will find there. At the librarian's desk or delivery counter he will find a file waiting their time to get out books to read over Sunday or during the coming week. In the reading room he will find the chairs full of people; boys looking at *Harper's Weekly* and laughing at *Puck* and *Judge*, simply "looking at the pictures," and nothing more. Some may not see much in an educational way in this mode of spending one's time, but there is genuine pleasure and no little instruction in it. The real point to be noted and emphasized here is that these boys and young men are in a good place, where the moral atmosphere is wholesome and the influence elevating. They are not out on the streets or in alleys or, worse still, in low resorts. The same applies to those who are playing games or taking exercise in the gymnasium. Furthermore, the multitude of good books, whether of fiction, science, philosophy or religion, taken out by the people are con-

ducive to good conduct and upright thinking, and work for righteousness in the same way that spending one's time in the reading room does.

It must not be supposed that a public library will solve all the social problems that disturb the peace of men and women in these later years of the Nineteenth Century. It will not cure the ills of the flesh, banish poverty and pauperism or do away with crime and depredation. A public library will not take everyone away from the saloon or the grocery-store resort or from off the street and out of the alley. There are some who will ever prefer darkness rather than light and who cannot be drawn away from their old ways and haunts. But, while it cannot do everything and settle every social problem, the presence of a commodious, well-equipped library in every town and city in these western states would lessen many-fold the temptations surrounding the lives of their inhabitants. It would afford suitable opportunities for all those who *want* them and long to take advantage of them. It will attract those who now do not much care for improving their time, because it will afford those facilities so much desired but so rarely possessed. In every way it will promote a better social life in a community and lessen its monotony.

The establishment of a public library as here described in the average town and city in the midland states may seem wholly impossible to many. Innumerable objections, obstacles, hindrances, preventions and impossibilities will forthwith be cited by nearly every one that to them preclude the successful carrying out of such a proposal. In spite of all these, however, — and some of them are really serious obstacles, particularly the lack of money prevalent in every community, — I believe that the impossible in this instance can be accomplished if rightly planned and wisely undertaken. To realize such a project in towns ranging in population from 1,500 upwards means long and toilsome work, infinite patience and immense sacrifice on the part of

public spirited people who are anxious to elevate the tone of communal life. Only in exceptional cases can a town speedily succeed in carrying out such a project. Those who enter upon such a task must, if they plan wisely, expect to conduct a campaign that may last several years. They must work in a way that will unite all interests, classes and factions in support and promotion of this common project. It must not be fathered and fostered by any one party, class, church or clique, for as sure as fate all others will oppose it and hinder its promotion. It must be a *public* library in every sense. Many plans, were there space, might be suggested for organizing a Library Association and conducting a popular movement whose object would be the collection of funds, books and materials for the erection and equipment of a public library.

One town in Iowa of about four thousand people has accomplished results in less than a year and a half that show what can be done elsewhere. In this short period — notwithstanding the heavy blow dealt their hopes and plans by the absconding of a pious scamp, their secre-

tary and treasurer, with \$300, and leaving debts and numerous unpaid subscriptions for periodicals behind him — the promoters of the public library in this town have got together a library of nearly a thousand volumes; they have fifteen periodicals and nineteen papers on their tables and racks; and they have procured two rooms in the chief business block of the town. The library is open every day, three hours in the afternoon and two in the evening; and it employs a librarian at a small salary. At one time had it not been for an unfortunate hitch in the course of events several prominent business men would have donated sums sufficient for the purchase of lots in an excellent location and for the erection of a suitable library that would have been an ornament to the town in every respect. But these things will come in time.

What this town has done others can do. Energy, persistent effort, patience, wise planning and earnest purpose — these will erect public libraries in our midland cities and towns that will be sources of pride, pleasure and profit to every citizen.



SEEKING A BACK DOOR TO VICKSBURG.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XX.

By S. B. EVANS.

THEY seem not much more dreamy and unreal now than they did thirty-two years ago — the scenes that took place in the low lands of the Mississippi — when a fleet of gunboats and transports were making their way through the unaccustomed waterways of the wilderness, seeking a back door to Vicksburg. It was one of the most mysterious expeditions of the War, apparently barren of results, hazardous in the extreme, a movement of nearly five thousand men into the heart of an enemy's country, encountering the most formidable obstacles, escaping

finally by almost a miracle; and yet history devotes but a paragraph or two to its record, and Grant himself, who ordered it, gives only two pages to its consideration in his Personal Memoirs.

The Union commander found Vicksburg could not be assailed or even approached, unless he could either run the batteries and establish himself on the eastern side of the Mississippi far below the city, as he finally did, or gain possession of the Yazoo River, which formed the north and western line of defense. General Sherman, with a large land

force, assisted by the gunboats, had made an attempt to capture the Confederate positions on the Yazoo Bluffs, but was repulsed with heavy losses. These positions were impregnable from direct assault and, after the failure of the canal and Lake Providence schemes, which were designed to isolate Vicksburg and render it an inland town, Grant sought to gain a foothold by entering the Yazoo River above its mouth and thus flank the Rebel batteries erected on the eastern bank of the Yazoo. Possession of this ground would have given him dry land for debarkation of the Union troops and brought him face to face against the main defenses of Vicksburg.

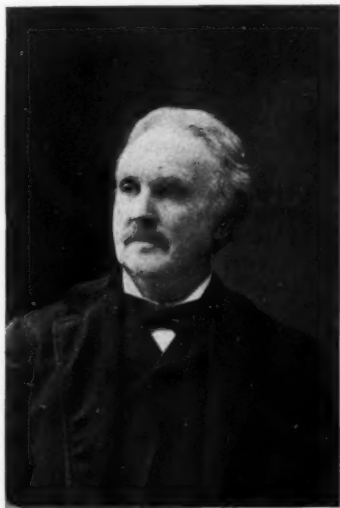
Few details of this expedition have been published in any form, and it will be my task now as one of the survivors, and to whom General Ross, the commander, committed the official documents, consisting of plans, maps, memoranda and orders, to reduce all these to a narration.

General Grant in his *Memoirs*, says: "Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson of my staff was sent to Helena, Arkansas, to examine and open a way to the Yazoo River through Moon Lake and the Yazoo Pass, if possible. Formerly there was a route by way of an inlet (seven miles from Helena) from the Mississippi River into Moon Lake, a mile east of the river, thence east through Yazoo Pass to Coldwater, along the latter to the Tallahatchie, which joins the Yallabusha about two hundred and forty miles below Moon Lake and forms the Yazoo River. These [waterways] were formerly navigated by steamers trading with the rich plantations along their banks; but the State of Mississippi had built a strong levee across the inlet some years before, leaving the only entrance for vessels into this rich region the one by way of the mouth of the Yazoo several hundreds of miles below."

On the 1st of February, 1863, a detail from the different regiments at Helena went down and cut the levee at the head of the Pass. The river was very high, and

the water pouring through this crevasse soon flooded the adjacent swamps and a channel was made sufficiently large for the passage of boats. On the 9th of the month, these regiments under General C. C. Washburne, including the Thirty-third Iowa, under Colonel Samuel A. Rice, were sent to clear out the pass so that it might be navigated. The Confederates had felled trees across and into the Pass to obstruct the expedition and these obstructions had to be removed. The passage of the boats through the narrow cut in the levee was a thrilling experience for landsmen. The current was swift, and the boats were forced through with great rapidity, but there were no accidents. The work of clearing out the obstructions was arduous; the fallen trees after having been cut in available lengths had to be dragged out of the Pass, which was about sixty feet wide, by the main strength of men pulling at ropes. There was but little dry ground on which to encamp, and the men were necessarily in water a great part of the time while engaged in the work.

On the south bank of the Pass, midway



GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS.

between Moon Lake and Coldwater River, were situated two large plantations owned by General Alcorn, who afterward became Senator from Mississippi, and a Mr. Pettitt, a native of Alabama. These plantations were stocked with a large number of negro slaves, who were pressed into service and made to assist in dragging out the obstructions that had been placed in the Pass by the Confederates. The poor negroes had been pressed into that service also, and were now compelled by the Unionists to undo what they had done. On February 24th the Pass was open and the expedition proceeded on its way from Moon Lake, the following transports bearing the troops of General L. F. Ross's Division: The Volunteer, Lebanon No. 2, Cheeseman, Diana, Lavina Logan, St. Louis, Mariner, Moderator, Ida May, Emma, Citizen, John Bell and Hamilton Belle.

The naval forces were under command of Lieutenant-Commander Watson Smith and the following was the order of going through the Coldwater and Tallahatchie Rivers:

Petrel and Ram Lioness in advance to collect cotton, etc.; Chillicothe, gunboat; Fulton, ram; De Kalb, gunboat; Rattler, gunboat; Marmora, gunboat and barge; S. Bayard, gunboat and barge; mortar boat; Romeo, having charge of the mortar boat; First Brigade, in six transports; Signal, gunboats; Second Brigade in seven transports; Forest Rose, gunboat.

The following order from General Grant (never before published) to General Prentiss, will be read with interest in this connection, as it discloses a part of his plan of operations had the expedition been successful. The order is in Grant's characteristic style, concise and imperative:

HEAD QUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE
Before Vicksburg, Feb. 15th, 1863.
BRIG. GEN. B. M. PRENTISS,
Com. Dist. E. Ark.

Sir:

I send with this, steamers to take on board Gen. Ross's Division to be used with the Yazoo expedition. Enclosed with this you will find a copy of a letter from me to Admiral Porter upon which the Admiral based his instructions to the vessels used in this expedition and which I want to have carried out. Please hand this letter to Gen. Ross for his guidance. The troops will take with them fifteen days' rations, a portion of their tents and

cooking utensils, but no wagons. When the steamers are adapted one piece might be put on the bow of each. If this expedition should succeed in getting into the Coldwater, I want Gen. Ross to take with him all the forces he starts from Helena with. To do this you will want to establish a Garrison at the mouth of Yazoo Pass from the remainder of your force. Lt. Col. Wilson, Topographical Engineer, has been with the expedition all the time and knows the wants and where the troops should be placed. Please fill all requisitions from here for troops or tools as from myself. The only change I would make in the instructions already given is that as soon as they arrive at the mouth of the Yallabusha they turn up that stream and take Grenada and destroy the Railroad bridges there before proceeding further down the river. Let there be no delay in this matter, time now is growing important. Gen. Ross should take with him all his axes and spades and if he has not got a good supply there he should be supplied particularly with axes from the remainder of your command.

I am very respectfully,
Your Obedt Servt.
(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Maj. Gen.

Progress through the tortuous channel of the Coldwater was necessarily slow; there was but scant space for a boat to turn around, and in many places the overhanging branches of trees raked off the upper works, the guards and railing of the transports. The fleet reached the mouth of the Coldwater, however, on the 27th, where there was considerable and needless delay, as reported by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson to General Grant, the delay occasioned by lack of energy on the part of the commander of the gunboats. It was the 10th of March before the expedition reached the Curtis plantation, or Shell Mound, two miles above the Confederate Fort Pemberton, hastily constructed of earthworks and cotton bales on a narrow neck of land, about four hundred yards in distance, between the Tallahatchie and Yazoo Rivers. The Tallahatchie at this point makes an extraordinary bend, running for about a half-mile to the eastward, then half a mile north and then eastward four miles, when it receives the Yallabusha River; the junction forms the Yazoo, which then sweeps southward and west, until it reaches the point where the fortifications were erected. The distance round this route, traversed by the waters of the Tallahatchie and the Yazoo, to the narrow neck where Fort Pemberton was located, is twelve miles.

The Confederates had thrown up these fortifications hastily and barely had them ready when our ironclad gunboats appeared before them on the 11th of March; the raft that was thrown across the Tallahatchie under the guns of the fort was made of logs, and the Confederate States steamer, *Star of the West*, was sunk below it, thus making a most formidable obstruction. Fort Pemberton had more than artificial defenses. General Loring, who afterwards became Loring Pasha, in Egypt, had made a most admirable selection of a place from which to defend the back door to Vicksburg. Both flanks of his position were protected by rivers and overflowed bottoms, and his front was also protected by a deep bayou, and by overflow of waters from the Tallahatchie. He had apparently all the advantages of an island with an unobstructed route down the Yazoo, for retreat if need be. This was the situation as the Union forces disembarked at Shell Mound, two miles above the fort. The gunboats, DeKalb and Chillicothe, moved promptly to their work on the morning of the 11th of March, approaching to within one thousand yards of the Rebel works, and opened fire. The enemy replied with vigor, and two sixty-eight-pounder shots struck the Chillicothe ironclad, but doing her no damage. Meanwhile a reconnoissance was made by infantry, two regiments under Colonel Slack, of the Forty-seventh Indiana; but this force was soon checked by the overflow; the enemy, however, withdrew to the south and east side of the bayou by boats or portable bridges. Lieutenant-Colonel Mackey, of the Thirty-third Iowa, also made a reconnoissance, finding a small force of the enemy on the west side of the bayou, and drove them across, where they escaped hastily, leaving the ferry-boat unprotected. Colonel Mackey's orders, however, were imperative, that he should not bring on an engagement, which would have been the result had he crossed the bayou.

On the afternoon of the 11th the Chilli-

cothe made another demonstration and after remaining in action about thirty minutes received a shot in one of her port-holes, which killed four and wounded twelve of her crew. On the 12th the action was renewed with no good results. During the nights of the 11th and 12th a land battery of cotton-bales and earthworks was constructed near the bayou, masked by a thick growth of trees, and on the 15th this battery assisted the gunboats in bombarding the Rebel works. The Confederates replied with spirit and the Chillicothe was so battered that the doors to her ports could not be opened and she was forced to withdraw. The De Kalb, being unwilling to engage alone, also retired.

It became evident that the works could not be reduced by the guns of the land battery and the ironclads combined. General Ross, however, conceived the plan of again bringing the gunboats and batteries into action, and, if possible, to silence the heavy artillery of the fort, and then launch a force of infantry on one of the light draft gunboats and attempt to take the works by assault. The gunboats could not be induced to make the venture and this plan had to be abandoned, and on the 20th of March the Union forces embarked on their transports and started up the river. At 12 M., of the 21st, one hundred miles from Fort Pemberton, they were met by General I. F. Quinby in command of a division on a great fleet of transports, and Quinby, being superior in rank to Ross, ordered the latter to return. The combined fleet proceeded down the river, and on the 23d of March, at 2 P. M., the gunboats again opened on the fort but immediately ceased and withdrew. This was but a reconnoissance to enable General Quinby to gain a view of the situation, and to see for himself the effect of the Confederate artillery. General Quinby then contemplated a flank movement on the right wing of the enemy's position, hoping to cross the Yallahusha and proceed down the Yazoo below the fort and thus cut off its supplies; but it was found that the enemy's batteries cov-

ered the point where the crossing was to have been effected, and, beside, the Union commander had no pontoon bridges and would have to wait the arrival of material before this project could be entertained.

On the 1st of April the Confederate force was reinforced by General Dabney H. Maury with a brigade from Yazoo City, who took up a position at Curetons, thus protecting the left wing of Loring, a point where he felt himself weak and from which quarter he was apprehensive of attack. General Quinby remained in front of the fort until April 4th. He was in the heart of the enemy's country, two hundred and thirty-five miles from the Mississippi River, with a fleet of thirty transports, beside the ironclads and their tenders; the enemy in front was daily becoming more enterprising and bold on account of Union failures; the water in the Tallahatchie was receding and the treacherous Pass was between the expedition and the river where the boats would be in their element. The enemy was beginning to get in his rear with schemes for fire-rafts to destroy the vessels of the expedition, and on the 5th of April the Union forces finally withdrew and steamed up the river.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, of Grant's staff, who accompanied the expedition, represented General Grant and gave active assistance, beginning at the Pass, where he labored with the men, using his hands in pulling out obstructions, always at the front, either on the gunboat, in the land battery or in reconnoissance, is not backward or chary in words in giving the causes of the failure of the expedition. This gallant officer, who afterwards attained distinction in other fields, in his report to Grant writes the details and gives blame and praise wherever he deems either should be dealt out. On March 15th he writes that the land battery is in working order, seven hundred yards from the Rebel fort, mounted with two thirty-pounders and one eight-inch ship gun, in position. He frankly

admits at the same time that he should have advised Gorman to throw a heavy detachment on the Pass, and down to the Coldwater River to prevent interruptions. On the 17th he writes that he urged the De Kalb to go in alone, when the Rebel guns were silenced; he also complains of Smith's tardiness. On the same date he points to the danger that the enemy may move guns by rail to Panola and float them to the mouth of the Coldwater. He also advises that the levee be again cut near the Pass entrance, thus drawing out the Confederates in Pemberton. On March 18th he writes that a deserter came in who said there were no Rebel guns mounted until the 10th of March. "If Porter will send three good ironclads and a man to fight them even now, the place can be captured. If not, the enemy may bag our entire force." He again refers to Commander Watson Smith's over-cautiousness and lack of interest. If his (Wilson's) suggestions had been followed, the expedition would have reached Pemberton three to five days before it did—that is, either on the 5th or 8th of March, and before the Rebel guns were mounted or the raft constructed. Again he writes: "Ross and I were always in accord; the trouble was with the navy. If the gunboats had pushed forward as Ross desired, the fort would have fallen, as the Rebels were out of ammunition."

It will be of interest now to compare Wilson's statements with the reports of General Loring bearing upon the same subjects. March 12th the latter writes to Yazoo City to blockade the river at that point, as he fears the Federals may break through. "Ammunition nearly exhausted." March 14th, Loring believes that the Federal forces number from 5,000 to 10,000; wants three more regiments from Yazoo City to prevent an attack on his rear; wants Columbiads. March 16th, wants ammunition. March 17th, is constructing a raft on the Yazoo to stop the Federals after they push beyond the fort; anticipates an attack on his left. March 17th, Loring has given instructions to float fire-rafts down the Tallahatchie

onto the Federal fleet. March 18th, says if he had received ammunition in time could have prevented the erection of land batteries; urges vigorous measures for the defence of Yazoo City; wants three heavy guns. March 20th, reports first retreat of the Federals. April 5th, enemy again in retreat; ordered pursuit.

tween the Federal camp, designated "D," and the small field or patch of cultivated ground that borders on Clayton Bayou. That route was practicable at any time for the Union forces, and on either the 11th, 12th, 13th or 14th of March, if the gunboats and land batteries had kept up a hot fire on the Confederate works, an en-



MAP SHOWING THE GENERAL SITUATION ABOUT FORT PEMBERTON, CONFEDERATE.

With these facts before us, some of which have but recently come to light, we may all see now how Fort Pemberton could have been captured and the story of Vicksburg made to read in quite a different way. If the reader will observe the map that illustrates this narration, he may see the strips of dry land that lie be-

terprising commander with a pontoon bridge at his service could have pushed over a column of troops and brushed away the small brigade of Confederates. There would have been no General Maury at Curetons to have molested his right flank. He could have taken with him a battery of field artillery and

pounded away the Keene and Magenta, the two cotton-clad gunboats of the Confederates lying in the Yazoo River, and the enemy would have been driven like quails into the *cul de sac* formed by the great elbow of the Tallahatchie and been picked up at leisure. All the troops would have been compelled to wade a little, and some would have been killed, but such are the fortunes of war and the boys enlisted to take their chances. The plan would not have been extra-hazardous; it was an easy task as compared to what was afterward endured by the troops that assaulted the works at Vicksburg. General Ross would have taken all the chances of such an assault, but to command success he should have had a pontoon bridge and the navy should have coöperated, and this the navy was not prepared to do. There was little of the eagerness for battle that animated Nelson or Farragut in the man who commanded the gunboats before Pemberton. We will, however, be as charitable as General Ross who, notwithstanding the tardy movements of Commander Smith, bore testimony to the ill-health that afflicted him and to the coolness and gallantry he displayed during the engagement that finally ensued.

These are the sober facts that pertain to an expedition which was one of the most remarkable in the history of war, and was hazardous in the extreme. It was an invasion of the land with an armament fitted out for the water; it was in violation of the rules and traditions of military service, like some of Napoleon's plans, and only lacked success because of the failure of the gunboat fleet. Had it been efficient, the enterprise would have been looked upon now as one of the most brilliant results of military genius and skill. As it is now, it is regarded merely as one of Grant's by-plays, introduced to interest and pacify an exacting North until he could bring about greater strategy in the field that brought success.

It will ever remain an unsettled question as to whether or not this movement

on Vicksburg would have been successful, even with the capture of Fort Pemberton. There are two sides to the controversy. If the fort had been captured, the garrison could scarcely have escaped, and this would have been a severe loss to the Confederates, resulting in such demoralization as would have resulted, no doubt, in the downfall of Yazoo City. It is probable that the latter position would have been yielded without a serious struggle and the entire Yazoo country passed under the control of the Federals, thus cutting off from Vicksburg the main source of its supplies. In any event, whether Yazoo City had yielded easily or after a struggle, it could not have held out long against the Federal army that could speedily have been brought against it after the fall of Pemberton. This force would have had the immediate support of McPherson's entire army corps that was held well in hand, ready at the signal to follow in the track of Ross and Quinby.

On the other hand, there are those who believe that it was well for the expedition that it was halted at Fort Pemberton. The line of communication to the Mississippi River was through a system of narrow and tortuous streams and uncertain passes; through an enemy's country swarming with guerillas; the water was receding rapidly, uncovering points of advantage for the enemy to approach and attack transports laden with troops that would have been practically at the mercy of enterprising land batteries, and finally the capture or destruction of the entire expedition would have been inevitable.

On the 8th of April, 1863, a fleet of battered transports emerged from the woods, through the narrow pass, steamed on the broad Mississippi, with dismantled smoke-stacks, guards and fine woodwork of their decks smashed into kindling-wood, and pursued their way to Helena. Accompanying these was the complement of gunboats, formidable in appearance to an observer on the shore, but their sides were pierced by shot from the English rifled cannon mounted and manned by the

successful Confederate defenders of Fort Pemberton.

The author of this sketch is indebted to Hon. John F. Lacey for procuring, at Washington, the information contained in the following letter:

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE, WAR DEP'T,
WASHINGTON CITY, January 7, 1896.
HON. JOHN F. LACEY.

House of Representatives.
Sir: Referring to your letter of the 6th instant, in which you request to be furnished with the names of the commanders of the organizations which composed the divisions commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals L. F. Ross and I. F. Quinby in the Yazoo Pass expedition (February 24 to April 8, 1863), I beg to inform you that the organization of the two divisions referred to, as shown by the records of this office, was as follows:

Brigadier-General L. F. Ross' command—
13th Division, 13th Army Corps.

FIRST BRIGADE.

47th Indiana Infantry, Colonel John A. McLaughlin.

46th Indiana Infantry, Colonel Thos. H. Bringham.

43d Indiana Infantry, Major W. W. Worms and Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. E. McLean.

28th Wisconsin Infantry, Colonel James W. Lewis.

SECOND BRIGADE.

33d Iowa Infantry, Colonel Samuel A. Rice.
36th Iowa Infantry, Colonel Charles W. Kitteridge.

29th Iowa Infantry, Colonel Thomas H. Benton, Jr.

33d Missouri Infantry, Colonel Wm. A. Pile.

35th Missouri Infantry, Major Thomas H. Penny, Captain Horace Fitch, and Colonel Samuel Foster.

3d Iowa Battery Artillery, Captain M. M. Hayden.

And one company of the 47th Indiana Infantry, but the records do not show which company.

Brigadier-General I. F. Quinby's command—
7th Division, 17th Army Corps.

FIRST BRIGADE.

59th Indiana Infantry, Colonel J. I. Alexander.

48th Indiana Infantry, Colonel Norman Eddy.

72d Illinois Infantry, Colonel F. A. Starring.

4th Minnesota Infantry, Colonel John E. Tourtelotte.

SECOND BRIGADE.

10th Missouri Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Leonidas Horney.

17th Iowa Infantry, Colonel David B. Hillis.

56th Illinois Infantry, Colonel Green B. Raum.

80th Ohio Infantry, Colonel Matthias Bartleson.

24th Missouri Infantry, Colonel Jas. K. Mills.

THIRD BRIGADE.

5th Iowa Infantry, Colonel Charles H. Matthies.

26th Missouri Infantry, Major Charles F. Brown.

93d Illinois Infantry, Colonel Holden Putnam.

10th Iowa Infantry, Colonel Wm. E. Small.

ARTILLERY.

6th Wisconsin Battery, First Lieutenant Samuel F. Clark and Captain Henry Dillon.

11th Ohio Battery, Captain Frank C. Sands and First Lieutenant Cyrus Sears.

12th Wisconsin Battery, Captain Wm. Zicklerick.

Company M, 1st Missouri Battery, Captain Julius W. McMurray.

ESCORT.

Company E, 2d Illinois Cavalry, Captain Samuel E. Tipton.

Company C, 5th Missouri Cavalry, Captain Samuel E. Tipton.

Very respectfully,

F. C. AINSWORTH.

Colonel, U. S. Army, Chief, Record and Pension Office.

The total number of men in the expedition under Ross and Quinby was estimated at 12,000.

HOME THEMES.

COMPENSATION.

If you think and say and do
What is right and just and true,
Then the graces you will woo,
Every day your journey through.

Cloudy days will then seem bright;
Dark will never be the night;
Light within will radiate,
Circling round your outward state.

For the thoughts within that burn
Will externalize in turn,
And your pathway surely strow
With the choicest plants that grow.

Thoughts and words are real things,
And they fly as if with wings;
So whate'er you think or say
Will return to you some day.

San Diego, Calif. Mrs. C. K. Smith.

FOR THE "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

BY ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

A home may be beautifully furnished at the present time with little expense. The old-fashioned idea that things must cost a great deal of money to be beautiful has passed by and is among the "antiques" which we do not care to reinstate.

Harmony of colors is one of the chief things in artistic furnishing, and this does not mean monotony of hues, either. Some have imbibed the idea that "harmony" means "sameness." This is a fallacy, and a room furnished in one color

is simply very trying and becomes absolutely unendurable after a while.

I know that paper is not considered the prime thing for walls, but as long as there are slender purses and people who do love pretty things, paper will be used as a wall covering. Many papers are made at present in most artistic colorings and designs. I have in mind now a pretty room; it has a paper with a cream-colored ground work; this is strewn with ferns, gracefully arranged. The carpet is nothing but an ingrain, but it, too, has a fern design with colors that do not clash with the wall covering. The curtains are of soft white mull and are embroidered with Asiatic wash silks with fern fronds. They are made in sash style.

The commode and dressing bureau (for this is a bedroom) have covers made from the white mull, and are lined with a soft shade of green silesia. The ends of the scarfs are embroidered daintily, but not elaborately, with ferns and trailing arbutus. Asiatic filoselle is used for this work, and the flowers are of faint pinks and the ferns of soft shades of green. These silks, by the way, have a shade of green that is not changed to blue by artificial light.

There are a few floral pictures framed with crêpe, and these show soft shades of pink and tans.

The bed is covered with a simple white spread and has large pillows, with slips showing some pretty design in Mexican drawn work. This is a good deal of work, but it wears well and is not so common as many other styles of ornamental decoration.

A rag rug occupies a space in front of the bed and is of a mossy appearance. I suppose it is made from twisted rags and woven loosely. The colors are soft tans, faint pinks and delicate greens. There is nothing glaring or inharmonious in the whole room. It is simple and restful, and a room one would not easily tire of.

There are many devices that may be resorted to to make the home cozy and artistic. Among these, I cannot recommend

home-made furniture. Boxes may be made into bookcases or cabinets, but when it comes to commodess, dressing bureaus, etc., it is better to save the money that would be spent in buying draperies for these, and ribbons to furbish them with, and expend it for "really and truly" furniture when enough has accumulated.

There are makeshifts, however, that are really good. A cot, for instance, may be made into a good lounge by means of a mattress firmly secured in place and then a pretty cover made of art denim, or something of that sort, embroidered with the heavy wash silks, Asiatic rope silk, mediæval or Boston art silk. These are all heavy threads and make very handsome work. Plenty of pillows are also luxurious looking. But down — dear me! that does cost so, that unless one has an unabridged pocket-book, many such pillows cannot be indulged in. One or two good, soft pillows will do, and then the others may be filled with something less expensive. Linen makes an ideal pillow cover, and when embroidered daintily with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk or Roman floss they are thoroughly durable and will last "forever," almost.

A MOTHER'S TEAR UPON HER DEAD BABY'S FACE.

Outwrought from Sorrow's fiercest fashion-
ing flame
It lay upon the ashen cheek agleam.
The Hand that cuts so pure a passion gem
Can surely clothe a baby's soul again!

B. O. Aylesworth.

IMMORTALITY.

It is sweet to feel that our higher thoughts and affections cannot perish. They are a possession forever. It is only the scaffoldings of Time, the frail, the earthy, the mortal, which fall at the grave. All those elements which have conspired to lift us above the level of the dust and the worm will journey with us into another state of existence. If we live, they shall live also. O, there are words and tones and looks which are stamped so indelibly upon our souls that, when all things else grow dim and fade away, these will arise, radiant as stars, on our spiritual horizon, and travel with us into Eternity!

Mrs. Lillian Monk.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MR. GEORGE MERRIAM HYDE, of St. Paul, himself a writer of acknowledged ability whose contributions to Eastern periodicals have attracted more attention than most Western writers have been able to command, fires a shot in this issue of *THE MIDLAND* at the realists in general and Mr. Hamlin Garland and the late Professor Boyesen in particular. He makes the mistake made by all scornors of "realism," or "veritism," figuratively penning the veritists in a very small enclosure, then pointing to the smallness of the enclosure they occupy, self-complacently exclaiming: "No pent-up Utica *our* powers confine!"

* * *

MR. HYDE's allusion to Thackeray and George Eliot's "'knack of pleasing' and of seeing the bright side of life" is, to put it moderately, surprising. If there is one characteristic of Thackeray more marked by the critics than any other, it is cynicism; and if there is one predominant note distinguishable in all George Eliot's novels it is sadness.

* * *

THERE seem to be several million people in the United States who have not forgotten the story of their country's birth, and are not to be frightened into repression of sympathy with the Cuban patriots, either by the noisy demonstrations of Spanish students or by the cry of "jingoism" here at home.

* * *

THE *Citizen* of Philadelphia, the New York *World*, President Woolsey, of Yale, Professor Norton, of Harvard, and others who made haste to condemn President Cleveland's Venezuelan policy, are woefully embarrassed by the discovery that their indignation over the President's vigorous response to Salisbury's "Hands off" notification is not shared by the Queen of England, the English people, the English press. Even Salisbury him-

self takes it all back and declares his reverence for the Monroe doctrine and his readiness to accept the findings of the United States Commission!

* * *

PRESIDENT ELIOT's plan for reducing the Harvard College course from four years to three was adopted by the trustees of the University, but by a majority so small and with a minority so insistent that further time will be taken for reconsideration. The trustees of Harvard do well to take further time. A four-years course is none too long as a preliminary to entering any one of the learned professions, none too long for that general all-round preparation which will be expected of the Twentieth Century Man.

* * *

MR. HARDY prefaces his latest novel, "Jude the Obscure," with the warning: "A novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age." The warning has a suggestion of apology. The story itself strengthens the suggestion. There is something radically wrong in a novel which requires such an introduction. The young man or young woman of twenty-four is almost as easily polluted as the youth or maiden of nineteen. The age beyond which one may read a book that the young should not read cannot be determined by either author or reader. A novel confessedly unfit for the young is evidently unfit for those who are no longer young. Real literature is universal. It appeals alike to youth and old age, not necessarily with the same force, but with the same inherent evidence of its author's inspiration.

* * *

EDGAR WILSON NYE's death removes from American journalism its foremost humorist. All our other great humorists have drifted away from journalism and into magazine writing and book making, but "Bill Nye" was to the last a writer for the newspapers. His humor was

much of it coarse, but it was altogether kind. His jokes were none of them of the deadly "practical" sort. His sarcasm tended to make farm life richer, city life less unchristian, country roads more passable, city art freer from fads, society freer from follies, journalism less given to sensation, legislation less given over to buncombe, and executive action less the slave of red-tape-ism. May Twentieth Century journals develop more humorists of the Bill Nye sort and fewer Eli Perkinses!

* * *

ALLUDING to a tragic tale which recently appeared in this magazine, a man of heart and brain, writing from a home in which love reigns and in which life is regarded as a trust, not a thing to waste on self, says: "Begging the whole ques-

tion of 'Art for Art's sake,' why deliberately set out to make a story so helplessly, hopelessly sad! Mine is 'the cry of the human,' not the snarl of the critic. While purpose should not be made prominent, nevertheless it should be there—and the great purpose of fiction is to introduce into the life of the family and into the heart life of the solitary an element which makes existence worth more—not less—than it was before. I would not have all stories end happily; but I would find in every story something of comfort, something of strength, something of helpful suggestion for everyday life. The great dramatist gave touches of color to his tragedies. As Mrs. Browning somewhere says, 'Life needs love's color in the gray dawn of the world.' Think on these things.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

SOME NOTABLE NEW BOOKS.

A dainty book, of wide margins, perfect print, and beautiful full-page illustrations, is "An Old New England Town,"* by Frank Samuel Child. It is the story of Fairfield, Connecticut, from the founding by Roger Ludlow to the times of Roger M. Sherman, and is redolent of the atmosphere of Colonial days. With one whose "fore-bears" were of the eldest in New England stock, this tale of Fairfield and its doings takes possession of the mind like a freshly-awakened, far-off memory of home,—a memory perfumed of the simplicity, friendship, frankness and sweet charity of Puritan village life. Even when one comes to the solemn indictment and arraignment of Mercy Disbrow, upon a charge of witchcraft, the sensibilities are scarcely shocked in the sequel. Read the quaint language of the aforesaid indictment:

"Mercy Disbrow, wife of Thomas Disbrow, of Compo, Fairfield, thou art hereby indicted by the name of Mercy Disbrow, that, not having the fear of God before thine eyes, thou hast had familiarity with Satan, the Grand Enemy of God and man, that by his institution and help, thou hast in a preternatural way afflicted and done harm to the bodies and estates of sundry of their Majesties' subjects, or to some of them, contrary to the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, King and Queen, their crown and dignity; and that on the 25th of April of their Majesties' reign, and at sundry other times, by

which, by the laws of God and the Colony, thou doest best to die."

The burning of Fairfield is vividly, naturally told; and the chief incidents, personalities and continuous social life of the historic old town are presented with a charm which can only be justly appreciated in a careful reading of the book.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

We, all of us, persist in going to the poets and story tellers for our history, even when they warn us not to take them literally. Few know aught of the Acadians beyond the pathetic story of "Evangeline." And the few are chiefly those who have followed Parkman's "Half Century of Conflict" and his earlier work on Nova Scotia. But now comes one Edouard Richard, a descendant of the Acadians of Nova Scotia, an ex-member of the Canadian House of Commons, with a two-volume history of that much-sinned-against people—a history and, too, a vindication. Mr. Richard's story of the debarkation of the exiles is intensely interesting. The recital of events leading down to the crime of 1755, though tinged with the resentment of one who has inherited a grievance, includes an analysis of evidence which seems to point conclusively to a

*Acadia—Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History. Home Book Co., New York. Cloth, \$3.00; paper, \$2.00.

*Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2. net.

deliberate purpose on the part of either the Government of the Province or in the mind of the man employed as its official historian, to falsify history and palliate if not justify the outrage perpetrated upon the Acadians. In 1869 Mr. Thomas B. Atkins, who had been commissioned to edit the historical documents of Nova Scotia, published a volume of Archives which is too apparently a special plea to set aside the traditional version of the dispersment of the Acadians and to hold the British Government and its representatives guiltless of the crime. Mr. Richard shows conclusively that Mr. Atkins either unfaithfully executed his commission or shamelessly accepted a secret commission to falsify history by libeling the victims of a great wrong in order to excuse or acquit the perpetrators of that wrong. And this author shows that Parkman, the historian of Canada, either knowingly or with culpable negligence, accepted as conclusive the garbled documents and one-sided report of the compiler referred to, making no use of the voluminous documents at his command. That evidence this author now supplies. It seems to prove beyond the possibility of refutation that the Acadians were wholly sinned against; that they were patient and long-suffering to a surprising degree; that they were honest and conscientious; that their grievance was deep-seated; that their banishment from their homes was incited by the cupidity of the representatives of the British Government, and that in the planning and execution of the crime there was from first to last conspicuously bad faith. Mr. Richard generously acquits the Home Government of all part or lot in the crime, notwithstanding certain published correspondence which brings the responsibility close home to the Lords of Trade who from their London Board assumed direct control of President Lawrence of the Nova Scotia Council. We ordinarily hold a government responsible for the acts of its agents and there would appear to be every reason for charging home upon the Lords of Trade the responsibility for their appointee and for his acts. Mr. Richard has made a valuable contribution to American History, one which should compel a re-investigation of the Archives by a compiler who will conscientiously compile, not edit in and out as may best suit a preconceived purpose.

Few are the books that really fill any "long felt want." Every American student of German literature will find Professor Tille's "German Songs of To-

day" a book worth having and keeping. It brings the lyric poetry of the last quarter century down almost to the present hour. These last twenty-five years have been years of extraordinary mental activity in the world of science and of philosophy, and German poets have been quickest to respond to the thought and research of the era. Since Goethe and Heine, the greatest lyrists have been Jordan and Nietzsche; but the field of lyric poetry has not been filled by them. Along with these two, the Hart brothers, Hartleben, Holz, Conrad, Franzos, Grisebach, Waldmüller and a host of minor singers have made their epoch fairly vocal with response to the suggestions of modern science, philosophy and life. The selections in this little book severally reflect Modern Life, Modern Love and Modern Thought. The poems under these three heads are all in some way characteristic of our age and of the Germany of our time. In the main they reveal an absence of the pessimism characteristic of the period of Uhland, Lenau and Heine and the presence of a new hope, a revival of patriotism and a reconstruction of religious faith. This book is doubly valuable because of the extended introduction and profuse literary notes contributed by its scholarly and able editor, Alexander Tille, Ph. D., lecturer of the German language and literature in the University of Glasgow. The introduction condenses into about fifty pages the philosophy underlying the history of German literature.

Clara Spalding Brown, author of "Midland Women in California," in the November issue of this magazine, has a book of short stories entitled "Life at Shut-in Valley, and Other Pacific Coast Tales," † which, had it been more attractively printed, would have commanded wide attention. The story given the place of honor is the best in the book. It pictures a woman of warm sympathies and fine sensibilities transplanted from a New England school-room to an uninviting home in Shut-in Valley, near San Diego. Her husband, prosperous, self-absorbed, neglects the little attentions which mean so much to any wife, but which were everything to this prisoner of fate. The story well tells of the husband's awakening to his own shortcomings. It has the genuine heart-touch and its setting and scenery are admirably arranged.

*McMillan & Co., New York; \$1.

†The Editor Publishing Company, Franklin, Ohio. 75 cents.

"A Mormon Wife,"* by Grace Wilbur Trout, a Chicago author, belies the erotic suggestion of the obtrusive picture on the cover. It was written from a lofty standpoint and with a noble purpose. It makes a strong impression. An appendix to the story urges that the curse of polygamy is not yet eradicated and that since Utah is now a State we may look to see the trail of the serpent in legislative halls.

RECEIVED.

"Payne's Portfolio of Plans" (House Plans). Geo. W. Payne & Son, Carthage, Illinois.

"Biennial Report, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Iowa." Henry Sabin, State Superintendent.

Song, "That Wheel," words by C. E. Morris, music by A. L. Stough, Toledo, Ohio.

"The Marble Waiteth," a Poem, by Charles F. Gale. Henry O. Shepard Company, Chicago.

Song, "Mollie Can Ride a Bicycle, Too." Words and music by Will M. Boylan, Hubbard, Iowa.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

I have a bright, interesting, up-to-date, short story, which an able critic has pronounced away above the ordinary, and I should like to make a satisfactory disposal of it. I have written some for Eastern periodicals. The *Waverly Magazine* is one of them.

The proof of the story is the reading of it. We don't care what your "able critic" or even the *Waverly Magazine* editor (!) may think of other work you have done. What would be acceptable to the *Waverly* would not be what's wanted by the readers of THE MIDLAND.

If the MSS. are unavailable please let me know and I will send stamps for their return.

This from an old writer, winner of one of the Chicago *Record's* story prizes! It is surprising the number of writers who seem bent on needlessly multiplying the labor and expense of correspondence.

Enclosed find some verses. Can you use them?

This brief line accidentally became separated from the verses and it was only after much searching that we were able to put the two together. In correspondence relative to MSS., always give the title and kind and dates when dates are used, as for instance: "On the 24th of last October I mailed you a poem entitled 'Out of the Depths,' for entry in your January 1st competition."

*E. A. Meeks & Company, Chicago.

Does the fact of an article having once been printed, if only in a local paper, debar it from ever being accepted by literary journals?

As a rule, yes. The *Youths' Companion* and a number of other periodicals, several home papers and magazines, frequently copy verse and give credit therefor. But all the monthlies which have standing in the literary world draw the line on everything which has appeared in print. The sending of a hand or type-written poem, paper or story which has already appeared in print to any one of the last named publications as an original contribution to its columns would be scarcely less reprehensible than the enclosure of postage stamps which had already been used, with the request that they be used for the return of the MS., should it not prove available.

"Would it be too much to ask you to correct what mistakes I have made or to tell me where I have failed," etc.

Requests continue to come for opinions on the merits of manuscripts in the abstract. Again and again we are compelled to say that all we are able to do with MSS. is to determine what are most available for our particular use. If we were able to employ a professional critic and three or four extra stenographers, we might be able to satisfy these demands upon our working time.

Enclosed find some poetry of my own original composition which I would like to see in type in the January number.

Thus wrote a correspondent under date of January 9,—sixteen days after the January number was issued. Unless there is some especial timeliness to the theme, it is useless to suggest any particular issue, for poems are—whether or not they should be—largely used as fill-ups to broken pages or as full-page separators, or load-lighteners, between long prose articles, and accordingly must bide their time.

Another poet, whose verses have not found acceptance, asks the question: "Is it also useless for me to send any more verses?" The question is not a fair one. It precludes the possibility of growth. It overlooks the fact that one poem is no guaranty for the next. It presupposes that the editor carries in his mind a measure of all the poetry which has passed through his hands—and that new contributions are accepted or rejected according to that measure. Every new MS. is judged on its own merits.

To G. C. F. and others.—We are not using translations, and it would be a waste of postage to send them, however meritorious they may be.

